

# THE CRITIC

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## The Lounger

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE is now in her eighty-eighth year, and she is as vigorous in mind and active in body as most women of half her age. She may fitly be called the Grand Old Woman of America.



I have been very much interested in an account by Mrs. Drew, the daughter of Gladstone, of her father's library at St. Deiniol's, Hawarden. Gladstone, his daughter tell us, was not a "rabid book-buyer" and rare books and first editions in elaborate bindings had no especial attraction for him. He devoured second-hand catalogues; and strange subjects, as well as anything bearing upon Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante, commanded an order from him. Gladstone's love of books as books is especially mentioned by Mrs. Drew:—

So human and personal did a book seem to Mr. Gladstone that it gave him real pain to see it carelessly used, or ill-treated—laid open on its face, untidily marked, dog-eared, thumbed. And in arranging his friends on the shelf, no squeezing or coaxing was allowed; they must fit in with nicety, not wasting space, but in no way uncomfortably housed.

Scott was one of Gladstone's greatest favorites, and of writers of later days he greatly admired Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the author of "John Inglesant."

Is Mr. Bok in fun or in earnest when he suggests that we give our homes "truly American names," by which he means names in the Indian language? He says:

Why can we not be more American in these names? How far more suitable, how infinitely more American would it be, if we used the Indian names, which are so beautifully melodious in themselves and so full of poetic meaning in their significance. Take such names as these for country homes:

Tekenink, meaning "In the woods."  
Wompanand, meaning "God of the dawn."  
Munnohannit, meaning "On an island."  
Egwanulti, meaning "By the river."  
Udahli, meaning "Married."  
Nunokomuk, meaning "A landing place."  
Wadchukontu, meaning "Among the mountains."  
Wosumonk, meaning "Brightness."  
Sowania, meaning "Southerners."  
Wastena, meaning "Pretty."  
Neboshshon, meaning "Bend of a river."  
Ishpiming, meaning "Above all."  
Ogeedankee, meaning "Up the hill."  
Kemah, meaning "In the face of the wind."  
Mushkoday, meaning "Meadowland."  
Pahatu, meaning "Blue hills."

Or these for a hotel or inn:

Wehpittituck, meaning "Let us eat together."  
Waiku, meaning "Invitation to a feast."

It seems to me that Meadowland is much more melodious than Mushkoday. As for Wehpittituck, meaning "Let us eat together," that does not appeal to me nearly as much as "Let

us eat apart," for if there is anything in the world that I would rather not do it is to eat with strangers.

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In the same number of the *L. H. J.* in which Mr. Bok sounds the praises of Indian names, he writes of "Two Girls Who Became Wives." The one, Jane Ferrar, lived in an apartment hotel and was "active in clubwork"; the other, Nelly Ward, was just "as able a woman as Jane," but she had greater human sympathy. Her family begged her to live in an apartment hotel like Jane Ferrar, but she would have none of it. "The home and family life," argued this Nelly, "was a blessing sent in the beginning to women by God. I don't believe He means us to give it up. I must try the experiment, not by general laws, but in my own individual way." And this is how our undaunted Nelly solved the knotty servant problem in her own human way:

The cook and the maid were not to her a class to be held down in its place, but two friends and helpers. She knew all about their "folks" and homes. She found work for the cook's boy who was taking to drink, and when the maid's father was in the hospital she visited him and paid his bills.

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Nelly, was fortunate. I know people who have tried to make it pleasant for their "help," who not only found work for the cook's boy who was taking to drink, but for the cook herself who was also taking to drink, and they got not even thanks for their pains. If the problem was as easy to solve as Mr. Bok would have us think Nelly found it, there would be no more trouble. Only the other day I read the story of a farmer who hired an inexperienced man to work on his farm. He gave him thirty dollars a month, a pretty cottage to live in, a Jersey cow all for himself, wife, and child, a garden full of vegetables, and no end of perquisites. The result was that the man could not stand it. He longed for a crowded tenement, watered milk, and vegetables sold from push-carts, and he went back to them. Mr. Bok's story is a pretty one, but it is exceptional.

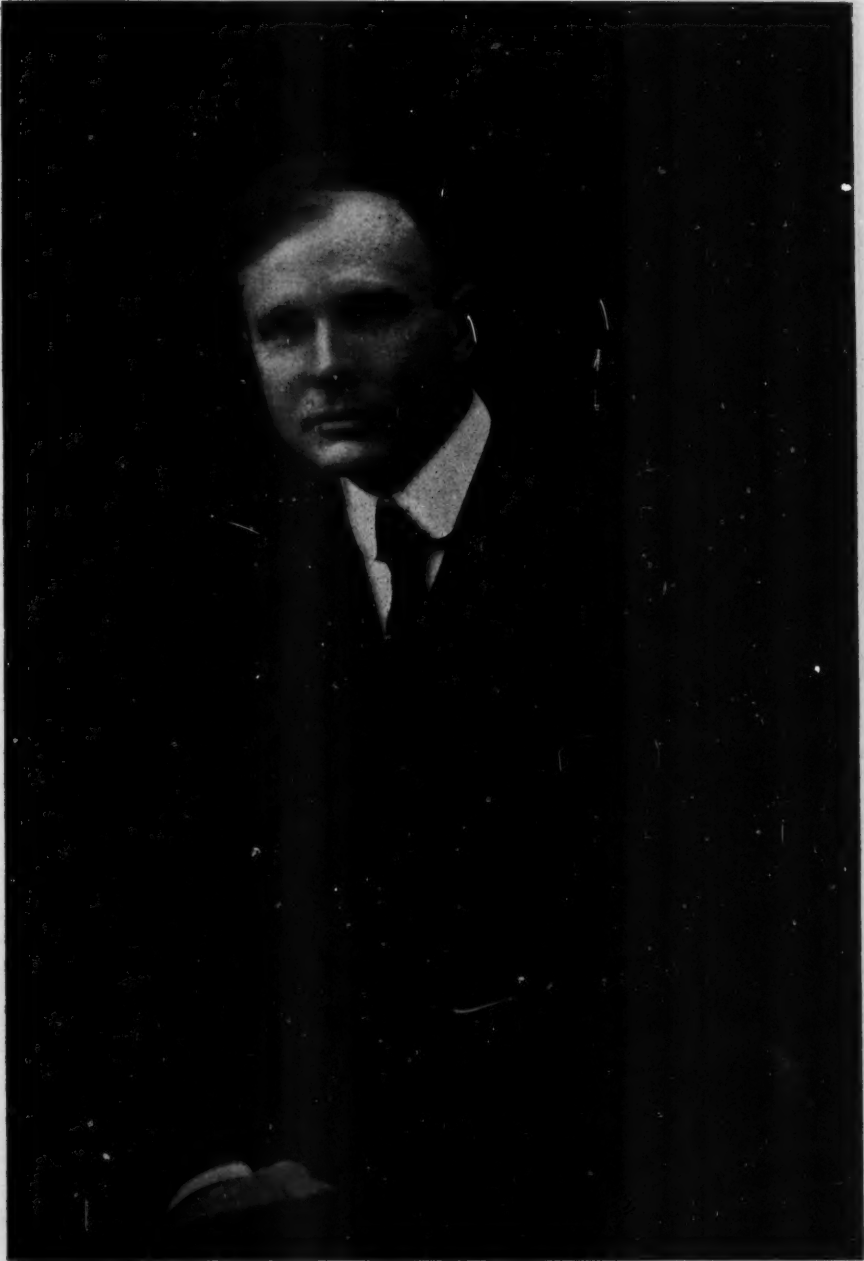
Apologos, have you read Mr. Upton Sinclair's prospectus for a "Home Colony"? It was first published in *The Independent*, but it is now published in pamphlet form by the "Jungle Publishing Company." Mr. Sinclair has had terrible experiences with servants. "I could," he writes,

take a whole article to tell what images the dread word "servants" evokes in my mind. The servants I encountered when I lived in my mother's home! The one who cut out the bottom of our fruit cake and left us only the hollow shell for Christmas! The one who took the Thanksgiving turkey home to her friends, and told us it fell out of the window! The one who went crazy—the one who got drunk and threw the salt box at my mother! And then our own at the farm, all in a single year: the Irish lady who ate so much that she could hardly walk; the Hungarian girl who ate raw sausage, and wept and told us of her love affair; the angry-looking personage who hid the eggs to save the trouble of cooking some for breakfast!

What Mr. Sinclair proposes is as old as Utopia and as new as "Looking Backward." He wants a co-operative colony, where, according to the ideas of most of us, life would not be worth living. Much would I prefer to take my chances with the servant who scooped out the fruit cake, or the one who purloined the Christmas turkey; they at least stand for variety, while the co-operative idea would kill by its deadly monotony. Mr. Sinclair wants gentleman and lady "help," and says, "If I am not willing to shake a man's hand or sit next to him in a reading-room, I do not see why I should be willing to eat what he has cooked." Why in the world is Mr. Sinclair so anxious to shake hands with his cook? I should insist upon any cook's hand being clean enough to shake, but why shake it? The whole idea is nonsense, but it makes amusing reading.

26

One of the most flourishing clubs in London is the Omar Khayyám. It meets once a year and celebrates the Persian poet with a big dinner. Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the favorite London caricaturist, is president of the club, and it was he who made the



MR. BLISS PERRY



AN OMAR KHAYYÂM CLUB MENU CARD

accompanying menu card—apparently a portrait of himself. The Omar Khayyâm Club has been in existence some fourteen years. This club eschews the discussion of politics, and at its dinners the political lion and lamb sit side by side. Mr. Augustine Birrell is one of the club's most ardent members, but unfortunately his public duties prevented his participating in the recent dinner. By the way, an Englishman now living in New York says that the accompanying cartoon is a much better likeness of Mr. Birrell than the photograph in the May CRITIC: and he is right.

I have been asked why, when I printed a paragraph some two or three months ago about the appointment of Mr. Bliss Perry to the chair of English Literature at Harvard University, I did not publish a portrait of the young editor-professor. To tell the truth, I did not have a good one, and decided that none was better than one that was

inadequate. In the meantime I have been able to secure a good photograph, which is here reproduced.

It will be interesting to watch the career of the *American Magazine* under its new management. The new people are not all seceders from *McClure*, for besides Miss Tarbell, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Steffens, and Mr. Baker, there will be Mr. William Allen White and Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, all with their coats off working as they have not worked for years. With such an array of talent and experience the *American Magazine*, which Mr. Ellery Sedgwick brought from comparative obscurity into the light, should make a great success. It is said that Miss Tarbell has new revelations up her sleeve by the side of which her Standard Oil story is as tame as a pet kitten. Good luck to the new venture!

Still they come. We are to have a new weekly. One of the owners of *Everybody's* is the owner of the new venture. It is, so I am told, to be called

*Ridgway's Weekly*  
*A Militant Journal for God and Country*

A German edition of President Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" (*Die Rauhen Reiter*) has just been brought out in Munich. A copy of it has reached the American publishers of President Roosevelt's book, Messrs. Scribner, in whose office I saw it. It is curious to see the American names in the German rendering, and to note the difficulty the translator has had with some of the President's thoroughly American expressions. A poem by Bret Harte, printed in English, prefaces the book.

The cold-blooded murder of Stanford White is a tragedy that New York will not soon forget. Any murder is bad enough, but this one is particularly atrocious. It is not in the province of *The Lounger* to discuss matters of this sort. There has been altogether too much said upon the subject in print.





From *Vanity Fair*

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

The law will take its course and we are fortunate in having a district attorney who is not open to the influence of wealth or of yellow sentimentality.



The death of Mr. White is a distinct loss to this country and particularly to this city. If you take the work of Stanford White from New York you rob it of its greatest beauty. He was the pioneer in his art. We had excellent architects before him, but he was, in my opinion, our first architect of real genius. Richardson was a great architect, but I have seen some very ugly buildings designed by him. On the other hand, I never saw a building, no matter how great, no matter how small, designed by Stanford White that was not a thing of beauty. His work was pervaded not only by taste but by originality as well. Even in so small a matter as the designing of magazine covers he set the pace that all other designers have followed—the massing of the name of the magazine at the top, with the ornamentation below. Before his magic pencil worked out this idea, the name of a magazine was spread all over the cover page. I shall never forget the purple nightmare that was the old *Scribner's* first cover, with a design rambling over the page that looked like ornamental ironwork. See the *Scribner* cover today as designed by Mr. White—a thing of simplicity and grace. One of the early, and the best, *Century* covers was also of Mr. White's designing. The name of Stanford White stood for beauty, and the buildings that he has built will live as noble monuments to his name and keep his memory green from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.



At a recent meeting of the Aberdeen Franco-Scottish Society a paper written by Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier, of this city, was read, and afterwards printed in the *Aberdeen Free Press*. It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Janvier have always known that William Sharp was Fiona Macleod. Something in "Pharais" led Mrs. Janvier to first suspect that

Sharp and Fiona Macleod were one, and she wrote expressing her conviction. The answer came back at once:

London, January 5th, 1895. Early to-morrow morning I leave for the Isle of Wight for a fortnight. . . . I hope to send you a letter soon from the beautiful place by the sea where we are going. It will be a letter from Fiona Macleod. Yes, "Pharais" is mine. It is a book out of my heart, out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life. It has reached people even more than I dreamed of as likely. . . . Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, unheeded by the "general reader," it has yet had a reception that has made me deeply glad. It is the beginning of my true work. Only one or two know I am Fiona Macleod. Let you and my dear T. A. J. preserve my secret. I trust you. . . . You will find more of me in "Pharais" than in anything else I have written.

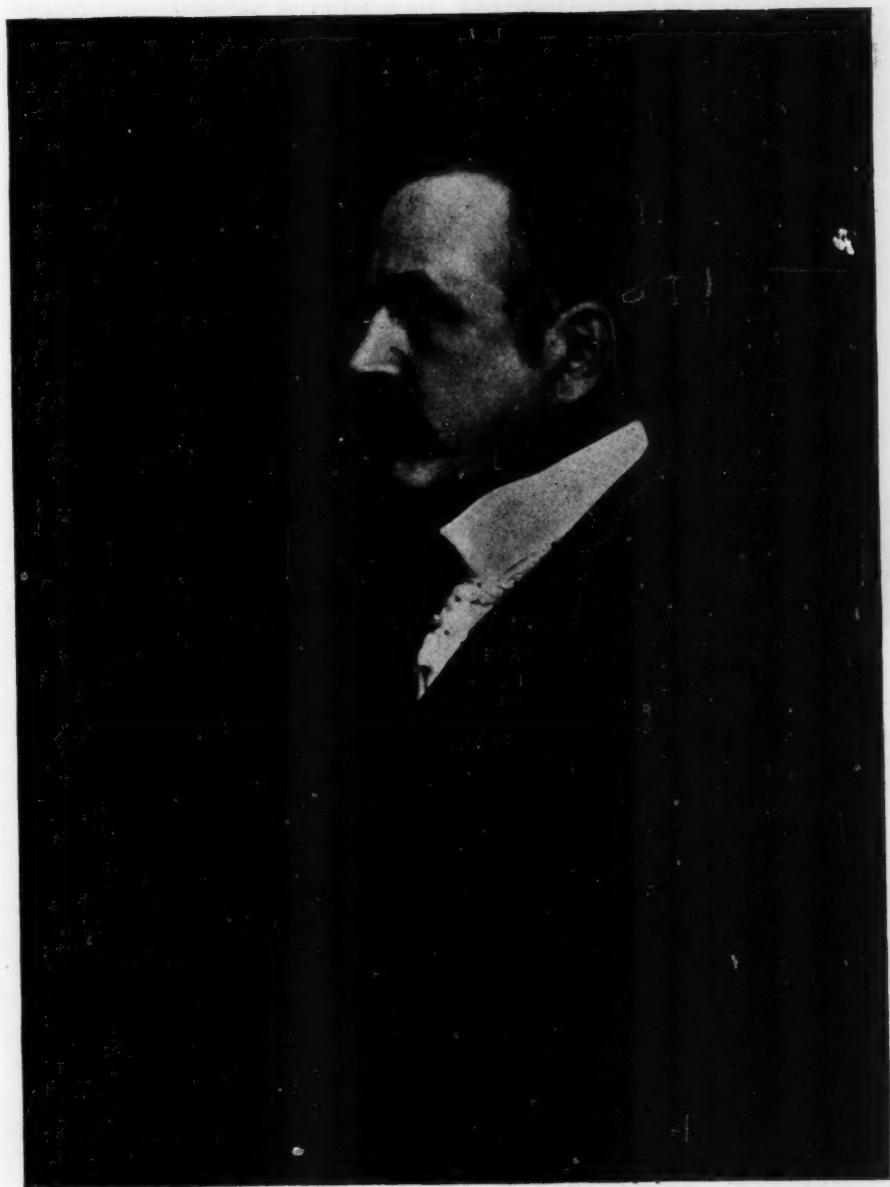
When asked by Mrs. Janvier why he took the signature of a woman, Sharp replied:

I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and, indeed, that I could not do if I were the woman whom Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity. . . . This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this cosmic ecstasy and elation, this way-faring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life, that I could not bring myself to expression by my outer self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is. . . . My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life, and joys, and sufferings, thoughts, emotions, and dreams, must find expression, yet I can not, save in this hidden way.

Nevertheless it was a curious fancy—one of the few instances on record where a man has taken a woman's name and a woman's point of view for serious writing.



If one person has said it to me a dozen have—that there is a play in Mrs. Ryan's "Told in the Hills." I have heard this for several years, but it is only now that the play has been made and put upon the stage. Mrs. Ryan is also the author of "The Soul of Raphael," one of the most popular of the spring novels. The ladies are holding their own upon the stage just now.



THE LATE STANFORD WHITE



MRS. MARAH ELLIS RYAN

There were never so many writing plays—and having them produced—and never so many having their books dramatized.

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The Hon. John Bigelow has had the satisfaction of seeing his "Mystery of Sleep" in a French edition, issued by Fischbacher of Paris. At a famous high school in Bristol, England, dictations from "Le Mystère de Sommeil" are given to the pupils in French. And an American house that advertises to confer on its patrons "success in life," by hypnotism, the strengthening of the will-power by suggestion, etc., recommends this book—presumably in its English form—as an excellent one to read. The works of living authors are so seldom put into foreign tongues, that Mr. Bigelow has reason to be gratified that this interesting and suggestive study should have been made accessible to the people of France, to whom he was our minister

some forty years ago—Mr. Hay being his secretary of legation.

25

A correspondent in Seattle sends me these amusing stories:

Mr. John L. Wilson, formerly United States Senator from Washington and the controlling owner of the *Post-Intelligencer*, travelling in Europe last fall, went into an English bookstore in Dresden and asked the proprietor if he had "The Conquest of Canaan," meaning Booth Tarkington's novel. "Yes," said the bookseller, and he produced a history of "The Fall of Jerusalem." After the Valencia disaster, a local writer desiring to have published some of the usual elegiac verses that such occasions inspire, cited as an argument why the paper should print the verses that a friend stated that the paper was printing much worse stuff—for instance, "some verses by a man named Shelley that I never heard of and that ain't half as good as yours."

26

Of poems published within the last fifteen years, three or four have at once become popular,—none of them more so than "Each in His Own Tongue" by William Hubert Carruth, Professor of Germanic Languages in the University of Kansas. About this poem Mr. Carruth has received scores of letters from all parts of the world—some protesting, others lauding. A clergyman of the Church of England sent a stanza which he declares should be added. And with this goes a curious fact: for all its radicalism the poem seems to have found special favor with the Episcopalians. It has been quoted entire in a sermon in Westminster Abbey; also at Yale by Dr. Rainsford when addressing the undergraduates. Mr. Carruth is collecting his poems for publication. He lives in that part of our country from which, it is predicted, the writer of the great American epic will arise. For the benefit of those who may not have seen the poem, or for those who may

have seen one of the many garbled versions of it, I print it as copied from his own manuscript:

A fire mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jelly-fish and a saurian,  
And a cave where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
A face turned from the clod—  
Some call it Evolution  
And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,  
And the wild geese sailing high—  
And all over upland and lowland  
The sign of the golden-rod—  
Some of us call it Autumn  
And others call it Gcd.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in—  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it Longing  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood:  
And millions who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway trod—  
Some call it Consecration  
And others call it God.



School teachers and college professors will tell you that they are a hard-worked people, that no class of workers is put to the severe strain that they are subjected to. You modestly mention the editorial strain, the brain that is on the jump for fifty-two weeks of the year; and point to their short hours and long holidays. They shake their heads and tell you that it is only the short hours and long holidays that keep them from quick collapse. Not all teachers loaf and invite their souls during their entire holiday, however. There is Miss Katherine Lee Bates of Wellesley, for instance, who will tour the western counties of England by automobile, from the Lake Country to



W. H. CARRUTH

Cornwall, accompanied by Miss Katherine A. Coman, also of Wellesley. Miss Coman will take a number of photographs, and Miss Bates will contribute a series of nine articles to *The Chautauquan Magazine* entitled "A Reading Journey in Famous English Counties."



In a recent sheet of literary notes sent out by Messrs. Harper & Bros. is a long paragraph filled with facts and figures to prove that foreign books were paid for long before the international copyright law went into effect. The publishers who made these payments did not do so altogether to ease their own consciences, but for the sake of a few days' advance publication. They were supplied with early sheets or a duplicate manuscript from England, and by this means they were able to hold the market for a few days before the pirates got in their fine work. The pirates watched the sale of every new book with an eagerness worthy of a better cause. If the book showed any signs of popularity they



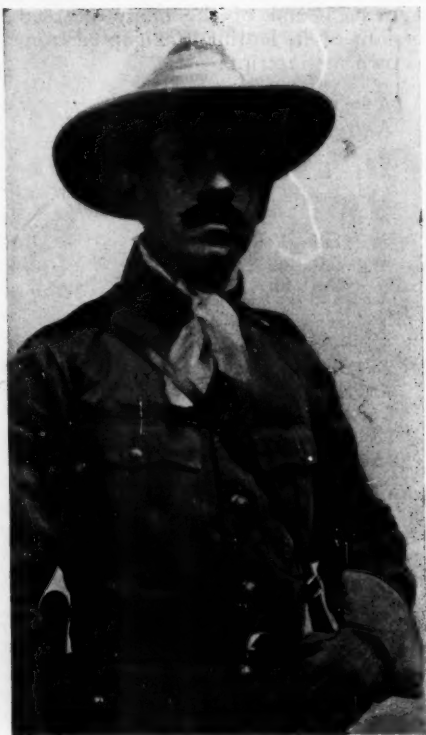
hurried out an edition overnight, for there were other pirates in the seas and no one of them enjoyed exclusive piratical privileges. Here is a list of some of the prices paid by Messrs. Harper for a few days' priority. To Charles Dickens they paid

£1000 for "A Tale of Two Cities," £1250 for "Great Expectations," £1000 for "Our Mutual Friend," £250 for "Little Dorrit," £360 for "Bleak House," besides considerable sums for his various Christmas stories. To W. M. Thackeray the Harpers paid £150 for "The Newcomes," £100 for "Henry Esmond," £480 for "The Virginians," and £200 for the unfinished "Denis Duval." Some of the payments to Anthony Trollope are interesting. Harper & Brothers paid £25 for "The Bertrams," £50 for "Castle Richmond," £50 for "Rachel Ray," £100 for "Phineas Finn," £50 for "Phineas Redux," £200 for "The Way We Live Now," £175 for "The Prime Minister," £100 for "The Life of Cicero," £200 each for "The Eustace Diamonds," "Orley Farm," "Lady Anna," and "Ralph, the Heir," £250 for "The Golden Lion of Granpere," about £700 for "Sir Henry Hotspur." "Adam Bede" was published anonymously, and £20 was paid as an honorarium by the Harpers; for "Silas Marner" £100 was paid by the same house, and for "The Mill on the Floss" and "Felix Holt" the author received £300 each. The amount paid for "Middlemarch" was £1200. and for "Daniel Deronda" £1700.

These were generous prices in the circumstances, but they were as nothing compared to the prices that Messrs. Harper, or any other publishers, would gladly have paid for the exclusive right of publishing any one of these books, many of them masterpieces of English fiction. Sometimes an author would grumble and growl because he was not paid more, but it was very ungracious of him. Messrs. Harper were not the only firm that paid well for small favors. All the self-respecting houses did the same. A curious thing about the pirates is that they attempted to defend themselves by saying that they were within the law. So they were, but there are some laws that an honest man would be ashamed to hide behind.



Mr. Thomas F. Millard, whose knowledge of the Far East is unques-



MR. THOMAS F. MILLARD

tioned, has written a play the scene of which is laid in China. It is called the "Barbarians," but the author has not yet explained to whom he refers, whether the inner or the outer Barbarians!



It is pretty well settled now that the house in which Keats died in Rome will be kept as a memorial of him and of Shelley. The sum needed for the purchase of the house is \$21,000, of which \$11,000 have been raised. The movement for the purchase and preservation of the house on the Piazza di Spagna originated in the United States, but England has taken a lively interest in it. Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of the *Century Magazine*, is secretary of the American Committee. To him President Roosevelt has written:



THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL

(The house at the right is the one in which Keats died)

As you know, I am greatly interested in the project to buy and preserve as a memorial the house in Rome in which Keats died, a project which was first called to my attention by John Hay, who felt the liveliest sympathy for it. The associations of the building are such as to make it peculiarly fitting that it should be purchased and that therein should be established a permanent memorial in honor of Keats and Shelley. I am glad that the movement to establish this memorial, both in the form of a memorial library and in the form of providing for the perpetual care of the graves of the poets, should have been set on foot by our countrymen.

The kings of Italy and England have also expressed their hearty approval of the plan.

22

Miss Clara Morris, actress and writer, is at the parting of the ways, hesitant between the stage and the practice of letters. This year she has

published, besides her articles in *McClure's*, a new book, "The Life of a Star," which carries on the reminiscences begun in "Life on the Stage" and she has accepted an editorial position, at a considerable salary, on a New York newspaper. Yet it is still a matter of conjecture to her friends how much time she really intends devoting to journalism. The facts of the case are that Miss Morris, who in private life is Mrs. Harriott, had contemplated returning to the stage with a remarkable drama of her own, in which she was to play the part of a deaf and dumb woman. But the tragically unexpected stepped in and, for at least this season, upset her plans; a well-known young actor, whom she had engaged to play the leading male rôle, was found dead in his apartments in very distressing



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CLARA MORRIS

circumstances. Up to this time, Miss Morris's intention of returning to the stage, save to a few close friends, was a secret. Many, however, after her reappearance in "The Two Orphans," had guessed her plan and gladly anticipated the return to the footlights of America's great emotional actress, of whom Bernhardt said: "Mon Dieu! the woman is not acting; she is suffering."



In Miss Eagar's book, "Six Years at the Russian Court," to which I alluded last month, I find much that is interesting in regard to the manners and customs of the court and people of that country. Strange customs for

these so-called civilized days! For instance, one on Easter celebrations:

During Easter week the Russian never goes out without a hard-boiled and colored egg in his pocket. On meeting an acquaintance he says "Christ is risen": the answer comes; they then kiss each other three times and exchange eggs. The shops are all closed for that week except for a couple of hours in the morning, and every one makes holiday. On Easter Monday the ceremony of greeting the troops is held in the Winter Palace. In one of the great halls the soldiers, numbering about five thousand, are drawn up. The Emperor advances, shakes hands, and says "Christ is risen"; the soldier replies; the Emperor kisses him three times, and the man then advances to the Empress, kisses her hand, presents a hard-boiled egg, and receives from her a painted porcelain one. He then files out of the room, and another takes his place. So it goes on

until they have all personally saluted the Emperor and Empress. It is very wearisome. On Easter Sunday the Emperor kisses all the men of his household, and the Empress kisses all the women.

The other instance of strange superstition is the custom at royal baptismal rites:

The baby was undressed to her little shirt, which was the same that the Emperor had worn at his baptism. It was, alas! stolen from the church that day and never recovered. She was then dipped three times in the font, the hair was cut in four places, in the form of a cross. What was cut off was rolled in wax and thrown into the font. According to Russian superstition, the good or evil future of the child's life depends on whether the hair sinks or swims. Little Marie's hair behaved in an orthodox fashion and all sank at once, so there is no need for alarm concerning her future. The child was then brought behind the screen, where she was dressed in entirely fresh clothing, and the robe of cloth of silver was put on her, and the Mass proceeded. She was again carried into the church and anointed with oil. Her face, eyes, ears, hands, and feet were touched with a fine brush dipped in oil. She was now carried round the church three times by the Dowager Empress, supported on each side by the god-fathers. Two pages held up the Empress's train. The Emperor, who had re-entered the church when the baptismal ceremony was over, came forward and invested her with her Order in diamonds, after which the procession retired in the same order that it had entered the church. The baby was brought to the church in a gilt and glass coach drawn by six snow-white horses, each horse led by a groom in white and scarlet livery with powdered wig, and she was escorted by a guard of Cossacks.

All this is very pretty and interesting, but one cannot help being surprised that in these enlightened days such a superstition as that of the hair in the roll of wax should gain credence.

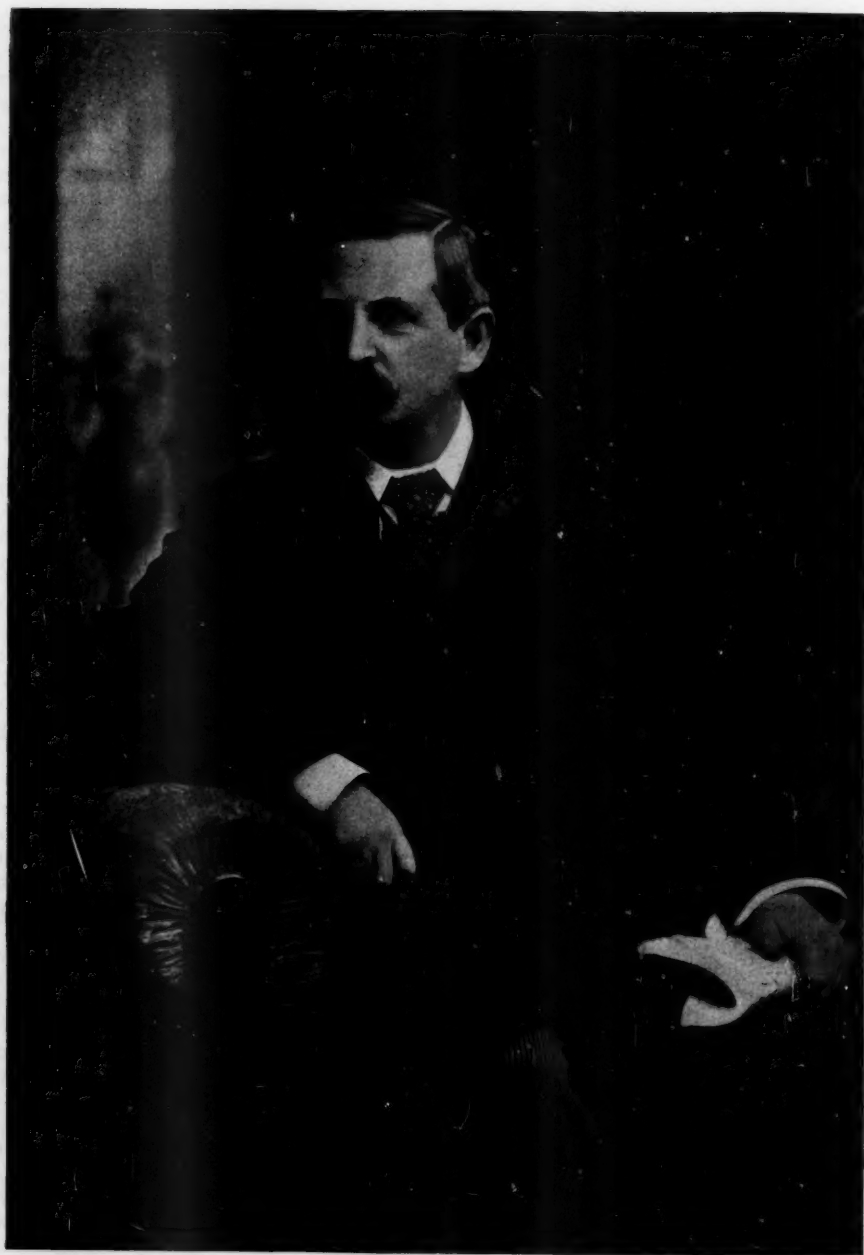
22

Two books on diplomacy, recently published, have seemed, in a singular manner, to be complementary each to the other. They are David Jayne Hill's "European Diplomacy" and John Bassett Moore's "American Diplomacy." Professor Moore, who served, during the war with Spain, as Assistant Secretary of State and was Secretary and Counsel to the Paris Peace Commission in 1898, holds at present the chair of International Law

and Diplomacy at Columbia University, where he has gained a considerable reputation through his lectures and writings and has found the way to make his subject vital and popular amongst his students. Professor Moore has also to his credit, as an advocate of international arbitration, a comprehensive work in six volumes, comprising the only history and digest of international arbitrations in existence. Dr. Hill has had for the discussion of his subject a training perhaps even more thorough. When he went into the diplomatic service some ten years ago he was president of Rochester University, where he had made a specialty of history. He was appointed as Assistant Secretary of State under John Hay, and a few years later became our Minister to Switzerland. Beside being the author of some ten or a dozen works on various subjects, he had had this "History of Diplomacy" in hand for some years, but, while at Berne, was able to put in a good deal more time on it than when in the State Department. Dr. Hill was transferred two years ago to The Hague. He has had, by the way, a most interesting and valuable assistant in his wife.

23

Mr. Austin Dobson has finished preparing his new edition of "Evelyn's Diary," which will be published almost at once in three volumes, uniform with the six-volume edition of "The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay" published by The Macmillan Company last year. The text of this edition is based upon the modernized text of Mr. John Forster's edition; but the modernization has been carried a little farther, and an attempt has been made to readjust the spelling of some miswritten foreign words and proper names. Free use has been made of the notes of both Mr. Forster and Mr. Bray; but these have been carefully revised. Mr. Dobson has added a considerable number of entirely new notes, availing himself of the large amount of information which has accumulated since Forster's last edition in 1857 and has also written the preface and the introduction.



MR. AUSTIN DOBSON



# The Anglo-Saxon Myth

By an American Resident in England

The following article, accepted unseen, is printed anonymously by request of the writer, an American long resident in London. It is presented for what it is worth, as the expression of an individual opinion, and without the endorsement of either the editor or the publishers of THE CRITIC.

IF I were to live a hundred years in England, I could never forget that I was a stranger in a strange land. I might not always be thinking of it. Indeed, already, I have lived long enough in the country to think of it less continually than in the bewildering days of arrival. But not always to be thinking of a thing does not mean to forget it, and time has only convinced me that nowhere is it so hard for the American to feel at home as in England.

Till within the last few years, it seldom entered the head of the Englishman that Americans might expect anything else. What could we have in common with him, or our country with his? His attitude towards us was frankly antagonistic. In ours towards him, however, were certain reservations. For if it was our agreeable habit to twist the British lion's tail until the lion roared, we could not help a sneaking sentiment for England and for people who were brought up to speak the same language and whose literature was ours. We knew the country by heart, or thought we did, before we set foot in it. We knew what it meant to want to be in England now that April's there; we knew how the nightingale sings of summer in full-throated ease, how the lark is heard to begin his flight, how the staring owl "tuwhoos" when icicles hang by the wall. Already, for us, many a time had the flowery frost of May covered the hedges, the heather clothed the moors with purple glory, the sun wrapped itself in its golden haze. Britain was our island of Cytherea for which we embarked with books for ballast and the wind of romance in our sails.

Sometimes this wind drove us straight to the town, and there was not a post in Fleet Street we had not touched with Dr. Johnson, not a shop window

in the motley Strand we had not looked into with Lamb, not a den in Seven Dials we had not raided with Dickens, not a court in the Temple nor a club in Pall-Mall we had not passed at the heels of Pendennis. It was all ours—ours by birthright—town and country alike, pied meadows and smoky walls. And in some emotional corner of our brain lurked always that old idea of the "Mother Country"—the "dear old Mother Island" Lowell could call it, even while he slashed and slew the Islanders with his sarcasm. The idea was too deep-rooted in our literary and family traditions to be lightly set aside. Our illusions might fall about us, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, and it survived, strong and unshaken. To Washington Irving, though when first he stepped upon British soil he could not but feel a stranger, England was still the land of his forefathers. To Hawthorne, though he offended the English beyond forgiveness by telling them what he thought of them, it was still "Our Old Home." Only yesterday, to Mr. Howells, though the Briton had long been the red rag to his wrath, it was still consecrated ground—the grave of our ancestors. To every American, indeed—every American, that is, who does not come from Judea, or from Africa, or speak in foreign tongues—his associations with England, when not bitter, are so many reasons for sympathy and sentiment.

The Englishman never went so far as that, and it was only common sense that he should not. Sympathy was no more in his line in the past than it is now, nor did he ever have special inducement to dwell tenderly on his associations with us. Had it occurred to him that anybody could be worth loving besides himself, he probably would have been willing with Dr. Johnson to love all mankind, *except the*

*American.* He has never been given to lavishing his affection on all or any part of mankind outside the British Isles, but if he had been, he would still have drawn the line at us, and, politeness being as little his strong point as Dr. Johnson's, he has not neglected to let us know it. When the Englishman visited America (and he seldom did if he could help himself) it was in the "illiberal spirit of ridicule" that so rankled with our grandfathers: the spirit that made Mrs. Trollope denounce us as a people simply because, I gather from her book, she could not in an American boarding-house drink her tea in her own room as in English lodgings; the spirit that kept Dickens (until he wanted to fill his lecture hall and his pocket) from finding anything to interest him except our prisons, our reformatories, and our bad table manners. When the American visited England, as Hawthorne was quick to note, it was not long before he was conscious of the unfriendly feeling of the English toward his country, whatever class he mingled with. England itself, from his first vision of its mist-shrouded shores, might turn out as beautiful and wonderful as his hopes, but not in the "Mother Country" fashion he had fancied for it. It was a hostile land rather, and prejudices shut him out from the natives as the green hedges shut in their fields and meadows. At every step his enthusiasm was chilled. He could not be at home with people who, as was realized by the stranger among them centuries before his day, "think that there are no other men than themselves and no other world than England"—people who were like him in nothing, who did not see, or feel, or think as he did. It was England as he had pictured it, but with a difference that made it an unknown world to him. The common language which, in books, had seemed so near a tie, only widened the breach. "They say we don't speak English," Lowell wrote once to Godkin in a moment of exasperation with British prejudice—"they say we don't speak English, and I wish from the bottom of my heart we didn't—

that we might comprehend one another."

The truth is, we never have understood one another since our forefathers left England because they could endure the country no longer; we never shall understand one another while America remains America and England is the England we know. And because the American, who came bringing with him the old associations and memories he loved, putting all others away for the time, thought to find himself at home, because in the bitterness of his disappointment he was more acutely conscious of his blunder, he, like Stevenson's Scotsman, never again, no matter where he might go, got so vivid an impression of foreign travel, of being in a strange land with strange people, as on his arrival in England. But if, in those old days, the disappointment was bitter, we were not asked to pretend that it was anything else. If we did not pose as philosophers with Emerson, we candidly admitted to ourselves, and to any one who cared to know, that we had expected too much. Nor did John Bull attempt to conceal the fact that, in his eyes, we were aliens, and what was more, undesirable aliens. Therefore, the first shock over, we could settle down to a comfortable understanding of the differences that will make us go on misunderstanding one another forever. Our mutual dislike and mistrust had the virtue of honesty.

But that is precisely what John Bull does not want it to have any longer. Conditions are changing and his honesty never outlives his convenience. Things, for him, were not going so well a few years ago; he was not prospering in the old fashion; he began to suffer in his most sensitive spot—his purse. In the days when he did prosper, he turned his back on the rest of the world and was at pains to let everybody concerned know it was turned. What wonder, therefore, if in the days of his adversity the rest of the world's back turned upon him. As a result, he altered his tactics. He took to offering his hand to anybody who would have it—discovering a sis-

ter island in Eastern seas, a long-lost friend in the French—of late he has even prattled of an Anglo-German understanding. There was a moment, a few years back, when nobody seemed to have any particular use for the proffered hand, or inclination for the friendly grasp it was so sorely in need of. The Continent was not in an amicable mood, and the Colonies never, at any time, have responded with quite that self-effacing and practical gratitude he would find so becoming in them. In his isolation, he opened the floodgates of his affection upon us, of a sudden recognizing in us not merely a friend, but a relation. We ceased to be Yankees—we were transformed into Anglo-Saxons; though if the American is an Anglo-Saxon, why, then the Englishman is a pirate Norman or a cast-away Spaniard. We were reminded that blood is thicker than water, though what earthly difference it makes to anybody if it is, has never yet been explained even by the Americans of distinction who, I regret to say, have used the odious phrase; their only excuse being that this was before it began to be abused. We were bidden to the touching spectacle of "Hands across the Sea," though we had long since learned to our benefit that hands, with the Atlantic between, can be raised against each other as easily as clasped in confidence. All Britain rang with the new *entente cordiale*, the English language apparently having no word for so un-English a sentiment. Certain of the newspapers almost licked our boots in excess of devotion, until one could not read them without blushing for John Bull who, in his moments of expansion, has so terrible a facility for gush.

As far as I can see, nothing as yet has come of this spasm of cordiality except that the Stars and Stripes float (a trap for the tourist) from almost every big hotel and shop in London; that Anglo-American Societies (a trap for the tradesman) have been formed, Anglo-American dinners eaten, Anglo-American healths drunk; that London has been swept by "the American invasion"—an ingenious way of saying

that Americans are putting up John Bull's big buildings, constructing his subways, marrying and financing his penniless peers, producing his art, editing his papers, running his theatres, making his shoes and his candy, keeping his teeth in order, and showing him generally how the thing should be done. As far as I can see, nothing else ever will come of this or of any other *entente cordiale* the English would impose upon us. A foolish phrase cannot undo the work of centuries. If we were to scratch our new Anglo-Saxon cousin, we would find the old Englishman, all blatant belief in himself and unreasoning prejudice against every other human creature. Personally, that is what I would prefer to find. Character, in nations as in individuals, is the great thing, and if John Bull were to lose his conceit—to which even Emerson had to acknowledge there are no limits—his ignorance of his neighbor, his cock-sureness of his own superiority, what would be left of him?

The American has not come by his reputation for shrewdness without reason, and he is not to be taken in by pretty speeches or by a brand-new relation thrust upon his unready shoulders. But the trouble is that this veneer of friendship, or relationship, threatens the simplicity of the old misunderstanding. We have now got to see through John Bull's disguise, before we begin to see through John Bull himself. The disguise is not very hard to see through—except for those who do not want to see, or for the kind of American who takes Emerson as gospel, and the other kind who stays at home, or only leaves home on a Cook's ticket, or is too stupid to see beyond his own nose. There, however, the disguise is, to be stripped off—there the veneer, to be wiped, scraped, or blown away—before we are face to face with the characteristic disdain of all mankind—including Americans—solid beneath it. Had Lowell lived to rejoice in the Anglo-Saxon alliance, the *entente cordiale*—not Lowell the Ambassador, but Lowell the American who believed that until they fought it out Americans and Englishmen never

could come to cordial terms—he would have changed nothing in his chapter on the attitude of the foreigner towards us: he would merely have had to add a few words on the clumsy attempt of John Bull to throw the dust of flattery in our eyes. For the funny part of it is, that the Englishman as an appreciative ally cannot, with the best will in the world, get over his patronizing airs. Cordiality is only his new name for the old condescension that Stevenson said made him grill in his blood when he saw the Englishman unbend to the American as to a performing dog. John Bull expects us to be as amazed as he is himself when he condescends so far as to be cordial—to be as pleased when he proposes an alliance with us as when he tells us, in surprise, that he never would know from our accent that we were Americans, or when, by the mouth of a hanger-on of royalty, he declares, for example, that “Really, you know, British troops could not have done better than American soldiers.” The Englishman would stoop to take whatever he could get from us, and if the moment came when we happened to want anything from him—which heaven forbid—he would think he had already fully repaid us by his patronage, by his admission of relationship, by his appearance in public, as it were, with us, his poor relation, on his arm.

I admit, from his point of view, it is a condescension. You might think God had made the other nations for John Bull to tread upon, from his astonishment when they do not tumble over each other in their hurry to get under his feet, like the faithful before the Car of Juggernaut. “You speak of the people on the Continent as if they were dirt for you to trample on,” I said once to an Englishman. “And so they are,” he answered in perfect seriousness. There was another man like him, who once said so, or rather shouted it, at the *table d’hôte* in a French hotel. A friend ventured to suggest that a few Frenchmen might understand English. “So much the better,” he said; “it will do them good to hear the truth.” Nor is this the

attitude of the unintelligent only. Take a man like William Morris, who had the sense to know that, if one Englishman does think himself the equal of seven Frenchmen, some of those seven may order some things better than the one or any number of Englishmen. But, though he was wise enough to send to France for a brocade-weaver to teach him and his workmen their business, he and they could scarcely speak of the foreigner who was master of their craft, except (with a sneer) as “Froggy.” Even the colonials, despite the present high tide of imperialism, find that John Bull has never got beyond looking upon his colonies as little Englands, and upon Australians, New Zealanders, and Canadians as degenerate Englishmen.

Therefore to John Bull it seems more than magnanimous when he condescends to ally himself with us who are worse degenerates, since, having had the chance to be English, we failed to appreciate the privilege. This is what puzzles him, just as it puzzled Arthur Young when the French, having the chance to borrow the English form of government after destroying their own, preferred to evolve a new one for themselves. There are times now when the Englishman's condescension betrays him into his discarded frankness. The cloven foot will peep out, a warning of what John Bull would like to do as soon as he no longer has any use for us. One or two of the newspapers have never yet managed to refer to America and Americans without sneering at us or preaching to us, but, whatever nonsense they may write, their century-grown arrogance is at least more dignified than the windy weed of friendship sprung up over night. The Englishman, off his guard, safe in his castle, will now and then relapse into honesty: as was the case at a dinner not long ago, when, just back from America and not suspecting an enemy within the gates, he told me that all Americans were beasts, with the same simple conviction as if he had been assuring me that Britons never, never will be slaves.

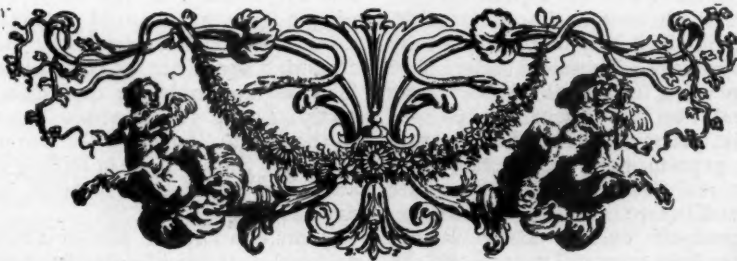
This, then, is what the *entente cor-*



*diale* means. The Anglo-Saxon is an alliance to keep on misunderstanding one another and pretending we think it friendship—that is, if we in America hold to the part of the bargain assigned to us. But the American cannot change his independence, nor the Briton shake off his prejudice. We are, we always have been, we always shall be, different; not with the difference that attracts but with the difference that repels. It may be attributed to this cause or to that, to climate with M. Boutmy, to government, to food, to wages, to it really does not matter what; the fact of difference remains, however it may be accounted for. Our surprise ought to be not for the constant contrasts between the English and ourselves, but for the occasional resemblance. In pointing out the difference, I know I am saying nothing new. I merely recall a fact that the English, blind believers in the blind policy of "muddling through somehow," hope they can drown, while it suits their convenience, in the blood whose thickness they vaunt, or overthrow with one loud blast of their own brazen trumpet. But because they now ignore this difference, the American

who wants to know England can afford to ignore it less even than in the early days when the bluntness they call honesty chilled his enthusiasm.

The American can come to England with no fear that the country will fail him in beauty or the charm of association. The nightingales will sing for him, as of old, through the summer night, and the lark begin with the day its flight to heaven; as of old, he can watch the hedges grow white and the moors unroll their purple mantle; the friends he loves, immortal though their haunts and homes fast vanish, will continue to shadow him during his walks in London. But if he comes hoping that the Anglo-Saxon alliance has worked the miracle of unity, that the old difference has been stilled by the new *entente cordiale*, he will count on what he should be glad to remember is the impossible. Though one does not always like to know the truth for the truth when that truth is unpleasant, he at all events has no need to shirk it. For it is the difference between us that makes John Bull more interesting, or amusing, in our American eyes, and ourselves the more thankful that we were born Americans.





## Idle Notes

By AN IDLE READER

I AM not attached with bigotry to my own explanations of intellectual phenomena when the opinions of another explain them more plausibly—and this, too, is a sign of advancing years. A young woman of Celtic insight, with the large, round, reflective eyes of a Maltese kitten, has just given me a much better suggestion regarding the falling-off in Mrs. Humphry Ward's later work than I have been able to give myself.

"Don't you think," she said, "that the trouble is in a lack of adjustment between the people in the books and those real characters from whom Mrs. Ward accepted the hint for them? The real people had distinct traits—mostly bad ones, to be sure—which Mrs. Ward deliberately eliminates in her re-creation of them. Now, to a certain extent, the charm of a sinner is in his sin. At least, one may say it is often the distinctive, the arresting thing about him. A bad person is more coherent and, so, more interesting than one who is merely silly. Romney was, frankly, not a good man; Fenwick is simply a fool. The prototype of Kitty Ashe was not a good woman; Kitty Ashe herself is simply a double-dyed fool. Evil may be forceful; folly is always weak. These characters have no grip upon us because Mrs. Ward's interpretation of them leaves out essential elements in their nature which explain their conduct. They are not real and self-consistent as are Robert Elsmere and David Grieve. You yourself except Lady Rose's daughter from your strictures—and she proves my point. Is not she genuine and vivid to us largely because Mrs. Ward did not eliminate from her character the large percentage of recklessness and original sin that was found in Mlle. de L'Espinasse? Julie's adherence to the path of respectability was brought about mechanically and from

without, not from within. So she alone, of all the three, is consistent and holds our interest."

I pondered. The demonstration seemed complete. The explanation explained.

"And the moral is?" I asked.

"Obvious, of course," said the girl with the Maltese eyes. "If Mrs. Ward is to continue to interest us and delight us for the next twenty years, as we hoped, she must either accept actual characters as they were, or, far better, create them for us as she used to do, of one substance, from the texture of her mind."

Books like Dr. van Dyke's "The Opal Sea" are anomalies in our modern world, where books like

"The Opal Sea" "The Jungle" are the normal growth. As one of a type, the former belongs to

an elder and more leisurely day. Sir Thomas Browne and his contemporaries had the time, the spirit, the love of beautiful words, that we find here. Dr. van Dyke has added to these good things scientific accuracy and "a love of loveliness," of color above all, and out of them he has made a book of the sea that should delight sea-lovers and book-lovers both. It is a charming book, but its charm must be felt, and can only be described indirectly. I should say it would be a solace to those who "languish for the purple sea" and yet are held in stifling rooms above hot pavements through August days and nights.

Years ago I spent part of a summer on one of the wide Pacific beaches. We used daily to "jump the breakers." You went far out into the shallow rocking sea until you were beyond the second breaker and near the third—beyond which you might not go and hope to return. Then as the great waves came rolling in, you would find yourself powerfully up-borne by the chryso-

prase flood, head and shoulders above it. The delicious wave played with you, and then dropped you softly and safely as it passed to break beyond. The winter afterward the grippe first came to these shores, and in the clutch of the fever and pain of a severe attack, the one thing that had the power to soothe was the thought of those exquisitely green, translucent waters as they rolled toward you from the waste places of the sea. The memory of them was more healing than the physician's remedies and enough to quiet delirium itself. This same healing quality of the green wave, whatever it is, inheres in Dr. van Dyke's book. You cannot read it without feeling cool and clean and invigorated as from a dip into the ocean itself.

Another vacation book of quite a different stamp is Carolyn Wells's "Rubaiyat of a Motor Car."

**The Agile Auto** It did seem that in the matter of parodies on Omar, the limit of human endurance had been reached—but whoever thought so reckoned without Miss Wells. She is clever—clever enough to make you forgive her even this transgression. For instance—

"Why, if the Soul can know this Glorious Game,  
All other Stunts seem dull and tame;  
This is the ultimate triumphal Joy,  
Automobile Elation is its Name!"

"You know, my Friends, with what a Brave  
Carouse

I put a Second Mortgage on my House  
So I could buy a Great Big Touring-Car,  
And run down Chickens, Dogs, and even Cows!

"For it my Future Income did I owe  
And with mine own Hand wrought to make it go;  
And this was all the Wisdom that I reap'd—  
We cost like Thunder and like Lightning go!"

The gentle art of letter-writing is not yet extinct. If you do not believe this, read "The Lady of the Decoration." Nothing could be less like a made book. Apparently it just grew. Even its brightness is not the brightness of a book, but rather that of a bright girl talking. The difference between the two is indefinable, but great.

The book consists of a series of letters written from Japan to a home-cousin by a Kentucky girl, "a young widow who is not sorry." She has undertaken to teach kindergarten in a missionary school on a four years' contract. The kindergarten, the mission-school, the contract, all seem to have been gently but firmly forced on the girl by the cousin with whom she corresponds so lavishly. None of the rest of her family wanted her to go, and, between you and me, the cousin was a good deal of a self-righteous prig—or that is the way it strikes an outsider. But the other girl adores her, and does everything she is bid to do, by way of expunging from her mind the bitter memories of a miserable marriage. Just why it is necessary to go half 'round the world from home and friends in order to accomplish this is never told. But the cousin at home keeps telling the girl in Japan she is perfectly grand and that her soul is sprouting; and the latter, who is as plucky as "a girl who never missed a Kentucky Derby since she was old enough to know a bay from a sorrel" ought to be, goes on keeping a stiff upper lip. She gets deeply interested in her work and is successful in it, but being very impulsive, affectionate, and intense, she never stops pining for home. There is a shadowy love-story wrought into the letters, which brings the girl's troubles to an end in the last chapter.

I confess I am curious to see if this little book will "go." If it does, the motive-power will be its intensely human and personal quality. It has somewhat of the thing that gave the "Saxe-Holm" stories their success a generation ago; that popularized the first novel or two of the late Maria Louise Pool; that, on a higher literary plane, gave the work of the Brontës its lasting value. We have all known women like the Kentucky girl, alive and impassioned in every fibre. They rarely get into books, but when they do, there is usually "something doing," just as there is, in life, a breeze, in their immediate environment.

## The Critic

It is so hard to make a charming woman that even Providence does not attempt the task with undue frequency.

"Lucy of the Stars" is a charming woman. She is seen and felt; she is real: high-spirited, hot-headed, eager, gracious, gay. Unusually lovable is she, even as charming women go in life, not literature. Mr. Frederick Palmer probably does not feel satisfied with her as she stands, but the reader will be. She is, as one of her countrymen might say, "a little bit of all right." She makes you believe in her and care for her.

Having made a woman like this, Mr. Palmer has nothing better to offer her in the shape of a man than a spineless young English nobleman who inherits the doll-beauty of his mother and the senseless amiability of his father. The author struggles manfully to do his duty by this futile creation, but though he would have us believe in Carniston's love-worthiness, the young man is obviously not at all to his own taste, and, to relieve himself of the *ennui* his hero causes him, he draws with great vigor and affection a real, live 'Melican man, a dynamic young politician whose merits are such that by force of example he converts even the "boss" of his state to the Higher Politics. The reader may be incredulous as to the possibility of this—but one readily understands that Mr. Palmer had to do something extraordinary by way of atoning to himself for the kindly Carniston.

In order to write a great novel, it is necessary to sympathize with all your characters. Mr. Palmer has not done this; nevertheless, "Lucy of the Stars" is worth reading.

There is scarcely in all literature a more curious *mélange* than that contained in the two volumes of Oscar Wilde's poems, just published in a new edition. The elements mingled here are naturally alien and distasteful. I recall no other web of poetry where such uncongenial threads companion each other. First of all,

Another  
Heroine of  
Charm

there are the poems that reveal noble perceptions and qualities—a genuine love of beauty and the power to create it, a temperament strongly susceptible to religion and influenced by it; then there are a few—but very few—examples of artistic affectation and pose; then there are the sensuous—and sometimes sensual—poems, veritable "*fleurs du mal*," without the subtlety of Baudelaire; and, last of all, in a class quite by itself, the remarkable "Ballade of Reading Gaol."

Here was a nature, one says to one's self, seeking to explain the volumes, that was originally fine, inheriting the great poetic traditions, though misusing them. The writer himself betrays more than once the conviction that he was called to a high calling:

"Surely there was a time I might have trod  
The sunlit heights and from life's dissonance  
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God."

Or, again:

"Had I not been made of common clay,  
I had climbed the higher heights unclimbed yet,  
seen the fuller air, the larger day."

"I had trod the road which Dante, treading, saw  
the suns of seven circles shine,  
Ay! perchance had seen the heavens opening as  
they opened to the Florentine."

This self-belief is fully justified by some of the impersonal sonnets, such as "To Milton," "Quantum Mutata," "Ave Maria Plena Gratia," and the sonnet on the massacre of Christians in Bulgaria. These have the lasting qualities, just as poem after poem like the little one beginning—

"The sea is flecked with bars of gray,  
The dead, dull wind is out of tune;  
And like a withered leaf the moon  
Is blown across the stormy bay,"—

shows what a vision the author had for a picture and what a grip of the picture-making word.

The evidence that this was also a nature unusually susceptible to religious feeling is equally plentiful. Since I first read it more than twenty years ago, the phrases of the "Sonnet on Hearing the Dies Irae Sung in the Sistine Chapel" have lingered in my

The  
Poetry of  
Oscar Wilde

mind. Few things of its kind are more convincing:

"Nay, Lord, not thus! White lilies in the spring,  
Sad olive groves, or silver-breasted dove  
Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.  
The hillside vines dear memories of Thee bring;  
A bird at evening flying to its nest  
Tells me of One who had no place of rest:

"I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.  
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,  
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,  
And the fields echo to the gleaner's song;  
Come when the splendid fulness of the moon  
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,  
And reap Thy harvest: we have waited long."

It is true that the "*fleurs du mal*," some simply sensuous and full of rich imagery, others morbid and repellent, occupy in bulk much greater space than the really fine and significant verse. They are more imaginative than is usual in their kind, and convey the final impression that a keen and lambent intellect is playing curiously over the things of the flesh to see if peradventure there is food in them for

the mind. But the high gods have decreed that the things of the flesh are not to be thought of after these ways. This is inviolable Law, and no intellect that has seriously transgressed it has ever failed to perish.

"The Ballade of Reading Gaol" is so remarkable a production that it is hard to characterize it dispassionately. It is separated by a great gulf from everything else in the poems. All chaff has been winnowed out. Probably the time has not yet come for anything like a final judgment upon it, but, whatever may become of the rest of his work, this is a thing that will remain. There is nothing else in all literature resembling it, for it contains the reflections aroused in one prison-inmate by a fellow-criminal who is condemned to die. It sounds brutal to say that the point of view is absolutely novel, yet that is its first value. It is an unprecedented human document. Added to that, it is done with poise, with restraint, with dignity, and yet with unspeakable poignancy. There is little rebellion and no wildness, but the lines drip blood and tears.



# The Editor's Clearing-House

## The Case of the Working Girl

IN the concluding chapter of that very interesting book "The Long Day," two subjects are very plainly set forth for the consideration of those who are interested in the welfare of working girls.

The first of these subjects is the general incompetency of the girls themselves, springing from the fact that they do not know how to work. "They do not work," says the author; "they are worked, and there is all the difference in the world between working and being worked. To work is, under proper regulations, a privilege, while to be worked is degrading."

It is not their lack of skill that the author deplores, but their inability to do anything properly. From the ranks of these incompetents are recruited many of the delinquents who throng the Tenderloin and the "red light" districts, not from any inherent viciousness on their part, but because they are failures as wage-earners. The author sums up as follows:—"The harsh truth is that, hard as the working girl is 'worked,' and miserable as her remuneration is, she is usually paid quite as much as she is worth."

This state of things will improve as the kindergarten scholars of to-day gradually enter the ranks of wage-earners. In the box factory, where the author of "The Long Day" worked, the girl who made the most money did so in spite of the fact that she was lame, because she had had the advantage of a kindergarten training, and knew how to make her head save her muscle. The trade schools now being established in many places finish the work begun at the kindergarten, and form the most hopeful solution of the problem.

The second, and more important, of these subjects is the great need of proper lodgings or boarding-houses, where a clean room and three wholesome meals a day can be furnished for the small sum which is all that most of

these girls can pay. The success of the Mills hotels raises the question whether a similar establishment for women would be as successful, and here we are at once confronted with the question of rules. The author thinks there is no necessity for rules other than those in vogue at any well-conducted hotel, but this is not altogether the opinion of the girls themselves. The writer was talking with a group of working girls not long since and asked them on what lines they thought a working girls' hotel should be run. One girl declared that in her opinion there should be no rules at all any more than in any decent hotel, and this at once roused discussion.

"And how about hours?" asked one of the girls. "Would you have the girls staying out unquestioned until one or two in the morning?"

"Down where I live," said another, "we have to be in at half-past ten every night, and the house is full."

"Well," said a third, "that only shows how much a good lodging-house is needed, when girls will put up with such restrictions in order to have a decent home."

"Why should it be any different from the Mills hotel?" asked the girl who had first spoken. The men don't have to come in at ten-thirty, and why should we? We are old enough to earn our own living; I should think we were old enough to live in a hotel without a lot of rules. There are n't any rules at the Martha Washington, are there?"

"The cases are n't quite the same," said one of the more conservative members. "The girls in a working girls' hotel would average a good deal younger than the women at the Martha Washington."

"You see," said another, "a girl's reputation is all that she has, and it can suffer from other girls' misbehavior. You get half a dozen fast girls into one of those hotels, with their tough



friends coming to see them, and it would hoodoo the place so that no nice girl would stay there. I say there ought to be a time limit, say half-past eleven every night, and permission to stay out later if notice is left at the office."

This seemed to be the prevailing opinion, and one wonders if the establishment of such a hotel is a mere dream, destined never to be realized. A. T. Stewart's plan for such a hotel was thwarted by the greed of his partner, Judge Hilton, and the Martha Washington Hotel only reaches a well-to-do class, leaving unrelieved the great mass of working women, whose weekly earnings amount to about \$6.00. What is needed is a hotel which, for \$3.50 or \$4.00 a week, will furnish such women with a comfortable room and board and a general parlor for the reception of their friends.

Upon this last point the author of "The Long Day" dwells with emphasis as the greatest necessity of a successful working woman's hotel. A girl can do without a "dainty" bedroom or a luxurious table, but a place where she can see her men friends decently is an absolute necessity. The experiment of the building and running of such a hotel would be watched with the greatest interest by all classes. Let us hope the opportunity may be given.

MARY K. FORD.

## The Literary Treatment of Lovers

THE lover of the poet and the lover of the novelist are distinctly different types. Each type reflects the mental temperament and habit of its creator. The novelist, keen, discerning, practical, realistic, the interpreter of life's every-day aspects, depicts for us the lover as he appears in real life, a sane and approachable creature, with the normal balance of reason but slightly disturbed by the grand passion. The poet on the other hand, the idealist, the man of abnormally developed imaginative faculty, himself surcharged with and often overmastered by feeling, gives us a very different sort of lover, a creat-

ure more or less obsessed, infatuated, exalted or depressed beyond the bounds of reason, carried away by passion, whether of a purely spiritual or partly physical nature. In a word, the love of the poet's lover is confessedly a kind of sublimated lunacy. Rosalind, on the whole one of Shakespeare's sanest characters, exclaims, "Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves a dark house and a whip as madmen do."

This is the poet's lover, not the novelist's. Except in rare instances, where the novelist is in temperament more than half poet, you will not find his lover a victim of this sublimated lunacy. However, to tell the truth, the poet's crazy lover, from the esthetic standpoint, is the finer and more fascinating creation; and moreover he comes nearer to the sympathetic heart of humanity. All the world loves a lover of the enrapt, ecstatic, even the obsessed type. In literature the heights or the depths of love's lunacy fascinate us. One might not, it is true, desire for himself the same type of romantic passion as Petrarch's, and yet the charm of such madness from the esthetic standpoint is irresistible. Love is the same thing (or nearly the same thing) in real life and in the novel, and another thing in poetry; but the poet's lover is the diviner, more truly literary creation, because idealized and strongly contrasted with the every-day type of lover. Shakespeare's dictum will forever stand unchallenged:

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact.

The poet's lover is, even as the poet himself, supreme in literature. His passion may be so overmastering as to put him outside the bounds of common sanity, but in spite of that,—nay, for that very reason,—he is the sublime figure in the literature of sentiment.

Petrarch's sonnets to the eyebrows of a portly married woman, the mother of a large family, would seem absurd as a twentieth-century proposition in real life; nevertheless, in the literature of the grand passion these sonnets are destined to live as long as books are

made or literature accounted worthy of study. Dante, from the twentieth-century standpoint, was unquestionably maudlin in his love for Beatrice. His picture as a lover, as he himself paints it, provokes a smile. "From thinking of this most gracious creature," he says, "I became so weak and lean that it was irksome for my friends to look at me." Yet even as a self-conscious and skulking skeleton the lover of Beatrice is an immortal figure in the literature of the tender passion.

Truly, the lunacy of love is an exalted dementia. Only the poet can interpret love in such a way that it dignifies the horizon of life. Fancy a novelist saying in cold prose of his lover, that when the fair one first denied him her smile, he became possessed with such grief that, parting himself from others, he went into a lonely place to bathe the ground with his bitterest tears! Yet that is what Dante says of himself as a poet-lover; and he so glorifies the act that, instead of seeming to us maudlin, it almost moves us to mingle our tears with those of the cadaverous poet.

Holofernes demented by the caresses of Judith, Antony bewitched by Cleopatra, Paris precipitating the destruction of ancestral Troy by his unlawful passion for the wife of Menelaus,—all these are instances of the lunacy of love that have become glorified by the sympathetic interpretation of the poet. Crazy poets' lovers all!—yet what sane and properly behaved hero of modern prose fiction rises to their sublime level in literature? The poet may treat lovers altogether extravagantly—but he immortalizes them.

How well the troubadours of the Middle Ages (whom we might fitly call the journeymen poets of literature) put into practice this poet's theory of love! One of these practising poets, we are

told, loved a married woman with such demented intensity that he used to drink with gusto the water in which she had laved her hands. At her command he even went among the lepers and drank with them from the same bowl. Devotion unparalleled!—although it does not appear that his *dulcinea* got rid of him in this fashion.

Hadlaub tells of a Teuton minnesinger who fell so hopelessly in love with a little girl that when she used to bite him he became "blissfully ecstatic," with "all his senses like burning coals." What poetry of passion have we in this age to compare with that? "Her bite," declares the obsessed poet, "was so tender and womanly that I used to be sorry the feeling of it passed away so soon!"

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Take him for all in all, what a captivating figure in literature is the poet's lover! What chance, comparatively speaking, has the novelist to enchant and win humanity's heart with his commonplace, every-day lovers, when the poet thus rides fancy-free over all probabilities and proprieties, making his characters very demigods of lunacy, and exalting them by virtue of the very pranks for which a consistent novelist would feel in duty bound to send his hero or heroine to the insane asylum?

JAMES BUCKHAM.

# Georg Brandes and His Country

By PAUL HARBOE

GEORG BRANDES is of course the most famous personage in Denmark. But will it surprise the American reader to learn that he is also the loneliest, the least appreciated, the most abandoned? You could not count his enemies in a day, while all his intelligent friends might easily find room in a Fifth Avenue stage, without occupying any of the space on the roof. Attack this critic in the little kingdom and a million hands will be raised to pat you on the back. Defend him and the same one million hands will look suspiciously like fists shaken before your face.

To the Danish nation Brandes spells free thought, free love, overmanism, and cosmopolitanism. With such ideas his name has been synonymous for a generation. Never did the Danish heart open to him. If one of his countrymen knows and recognizes him as the author of "William Shakespeare," at least ninety-nine see in him only (to borrow their own phrase) "the fiend who would dechristianize the country."

The cheerlessness of his position has begun to tell on Georg Brandes. About a year ago he delivered an address that was somewhat sentimental. He intimated that he was conscious of the fact that his great ambition had remained unrealized. "The way to Denmark's future," he declared, "crosses my corpse." That confession surprised many of his foes, who had never known him to complain before. They smiled. "He has surrendered at last," they whispered to one another.

However, let us hear his case.

Brandes came into the world on February 3, 1842. Books soon became his fondest playmates, and Don Quixote his staunchest idol. Seven years of age, he learned that the Danish soldiers had whipped the Germans at Fredericia, Isted, and Kolding. He saw the *Dannebrog* waving in the streets, and heard martial music. He shouted Hurrah! and perhaps his little heart grew

haughty, as did all other hearts in the land, with vaunting pride. Perhaps he believed then as everybody else did, that it only took one Dane to whip ten Germans.

As the boy's shoulders began to broaden, he sat down one day to make some discoveries: Who wrote the books he liked the best of all?—Foreigners. Who were the heroes he worshipped most?—Foreigners. Where were the great things he most ardently longed to see?—Abroad. Where were the great men he admired so enthusiastically?—Abroad. And then it struck him that Denmark after all was a pretty narrow strip of ground, little larger than Copenhagen, and on the map of the world no bigger than one of the buttons on his coat.

At the age of seventeen, in 1859, Georg Brandes entered the University, where one Rasmus Nielsen was taming philosophy to serve theology, and where the case of æsthetics was in the hands of a certain Bishop Martensen,—a rigid judge,—a vigilant moralist. However, Brandes had not been many days a student before he met and knew the man to whom he owes some of the most vital things of his life—Hans Bröchner.

Hans Bröchner was an agnostic. Also a man of courage and deep convictions. Also one of the most vigorous thinkers Denmark ever had. Here then was an indigenous power for young Brandes to admire. Here was a great intelligence to get shocks from. Here was a large personality to explore. Rarely had any teacher anywhere so loyal, so devoted a pupil. It was to Professor Bröchner's memory that Brandes dedicated his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." It was Bröchner who became one of the eight supreme forces that pillared Brandes's firmament with light. The other seven are: Julius Lange (the Danish critic), John Stuart Mill, Darwin, Swinburne, Paul Heyse, Nietzsche, and

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Henrik Ibsen. (This last statement is no deduction of mine; I am simply quoting the author himself.)

The student's college training was nearly completed when Denmark again clashed at arms with Germany. Not with the Germany of 1848, but with the new, the united nation on the south—Bismarck's Germany. This time, as the war went on and the reports from the battle-fields came in, there was no hurrahing in the streets. There was a great deal of praying in the churches, however. Little by little, a vast sad silence fell upon the people. The silence of unspeakable grief. In 1865 Denmark found itself smaller by two-fifths of its area, poorer, by heaven only knows how many strong and hopeful lives,—and so haggard, so pale, so sick at heart. There was n't a lyre in the country to strike. The old singers, too tired to mount the heights, chanted to the graves. Ingemann, Hertz, Paludan-Müller, Grundtvig, what could they do? They were of the past, of the Idyllic School. Their torches were burnt out. They were near the tomb. How long could the dearth last? How long was the nation yet to grope on its aching knees for new life? What did youth say in such dumb days as these?

We know what Brandes said. Many a harsh and bitter word fell from his lips. But sweet and hopeful ones as well. He now began to live. From that dawn he lived with intenser passion than ever swayed the blood of any Dane I know of, excepting Sören Kierkegaard. He went out among his brothers. Here and there he found a Horatio. He found Drachmann, Schandorph, Jacobsen, and other young men of genius. They gathered around him. They sat by his fire. They walked the streets with him. They gave him embrace for embrace, seeing the same truths. And the years sped on, with Brandes well abreast of them, and always in front of his friends, who call him their captain.

In 1870 the University awarded Brandes a Ph.D. for his thesis on Taine. As soon as he received the degree the young man went abroad. To Paris, Rome, London. To all the

great centres of culture he had dreamed of since childhood. He met Renan, Taine, and Mill, whose "Subjection of Women" he had translated the year before. He met a hundred others—scholars and poets, artists and statesmen, on that remarkable pilgrimage. Those were the April days of Realism. A new current ran in the rivers of civilization. France was Daudet's, Maupassant's, Flaubert's; Germany, Reuter's, Heyse's, Ebers's; Russia, Lermontoff's, Tolstoy's, Dostoyefsky's. And science was as free as the wind—everywhere, Brandes thought, but in poor, isolated Denmark. The more he saw, heard, and felt of all that was fresh and vigorous, defiant and progressive, in the foreign parts, the more eager did he grow to lift his people out of the rut of their spiritual laxity. Some pretty bubbles would break for them, no doubt, for he would n't deal gently with the old idols. And if the Church should open fire upon him—well, he'd fire back. If the regeneration of his country was n't worth fighting to the death for, what in heaven's name was?

On November 3, 1871, Georg Brandes faced an expectant audience at the auditorium of the University of Copenhagen. On that occasion he delivered the first of a series of lectures that made him a glaring figure in public life. It was an unforgettable lecture. It went to the marrow of things. The young hearers felt a thrill, a sense at once of surprise and recognition. But the old, the guardians, of traditions—they were not electrified. They were enraged. Such audacity! Such irreverence! Was there anything wrong with the philosophy of Professor Rasmus Nielsen? Or with the æsthetics of Bishop Martensen? Or with the sweet, romantic stories of Pastor Ingemann? Or with Danish matters in general? They thought not, and they said so, with boisterous vehemence. For some months Denmark was a place of loud noises. Some stones—small ones—were thrown at Georg Brandes. The cosmopolitan! The disturber! The atheist! The enemy of the country! The Jew! In the midst of the tumult Brandes delivered a second lec-

ture, a third, a fourth, a fifth. The gist of his talks is all elaborated in his various works. In a word, he wanted to incorporate Denmark in the revived intellectual Europe of his time. Did he succeed? We shall know—some day.

Twelve months passed. Meanwhile, Carsten Hauch, who held the chair of *Æsthetics* in the Danish University, died at Rome. He had made known in letters to friends that it was his wish that Brandes should succeed him. For a little while it looked as if Brandes would. Then the faculty met, talked, thought—but took no action. Naturally, the young critic was bent on getting that position, and of course he applied for it. The faculty put him off. Not as yet with a flat No. They must reflect a little more. While they reflected, Public Opinion spoke up. Public Opinion cried: "Don't you know that that fellow is dangerous? If you accept him God help the children of the nation." The chair of *Æsthetics* stood vacant for many, many years after this. Brandes never occupied it. They could not use him. Somehow, Denmark has always found it hard to use her ablest sons. Have you ever heard of P. A. Heiberg? Poet, satirist, spectator. There was "gall enough" in his ink. For his "liberal views" he was chased out of the country with official Russian ruthlessness. He died in squalor, in want, uncomfited and alone in Paris, sixty-five years ago. But his son, a smaller mind, a lighter heart, the author of "Elverhøj," got what his father so abundantly deserved.

Let us hurry back to Brandes. What do we find him doing in 1876? Packing his trunks. Saying good-bye to his friends. It's too hard. For three years he had been jeered at, screeched at, insulted and persecuted. Don't imagine, however, that the mob ever silenced him. Don't imagine, either, that his discouragements took away his courage. On the contrary. All the while he worked with tremendous energy. But those vulgar faces on the street, those slights, snubs, gestures of contempt and derision—it all poisoned him. He must move now. His friends will fight

for him while he is away. The "captain" needs change of air. His nerves vibrate a little too violently, and that gulf of bitterness that has formed in the lowlands of his being, it must dry up. He must forget some cruel things.

For seven years Georg Brandes resided in Berlin—from 1876 to 1883. The Germans would have liked to keep him there forever. He wrote a big book about the German capital. Perfecting his knowledge of the language so that his MSS. never needed editing, he became a contributor to many German periodicals. Some foreign literary men spoke of him as Georg Brandes of Berlin. (See for instance the dedication of Edmund Gosse's "Studies in Scandinavian Literature.") However, he remained heart and soul, Georg Brandes of Copenhagen—always.

When the critic returned to Copenhagen to build up his home there again he found a few pleasant changes. The windows of the book-shops contained volumes the titles and the general appearance of which augured well for his cause. Yes, and half of these new volumes were dedicated to him. And in the newspapers there was a brand new word: *Brandesianism*. Was it possible? Was the battle really won? Had his dreams come true? Was he a real captain now?

For a little while he was. For a little while the spirit of his crew was in happy tune with his spirit. They all stood together like one man, and their ship floated in a sea of enthusiasm. They wrote, wrote, wrote: Things that made the censor sneeze—red rampant realism—and, oh, such a lot of problem-novels, in response to the constant call of their chief.

Who were the leading authors in Denmark at that time? Drachmann, Schandorph, Jacobsen, Gjellerup, and Bang. Realists every one of them. Ten years before the authors were all unknown. All save Schandorph had published nothing. Drachmann, we remember, was a marine artist before he wrote poetry and prose.

In 1885 Karl Gjellerup deserted. We have not space to tell why. Few poets are fighters. He was not one.

Later Drachmann began to edge away, with others I have not mentioned. But Jacobsen stayed. Alas! death dragged that beautiful spirit off too soon. And Bang stayed. Is there any man alive in Denmark who has been so consistent in his loyalty to Georg Brandes as Herman Bang? Brandes continued to fight. His voice grew harsh. His eyes blazed with defiance. He leaped at the biggest sort of game now. In 1888 he tackled Shakespeare. That was a seven year's task. Where did he get the money wherewith to pursue his studies? Not from the sale of his books. Only a single one of his works went through an edition of 1250 copies in five years. Of "Danish Poets" or "Sören Kierkegaard," for instance, that many copies have not been sold in twenty-five years. Certain kind people provided Brandes with funds. "Had it not been for their generosity, I would have been compelled to abandon my studies," he writes somewhere. In 1895 the Gyldendal house, the only first-class publishers in Denmark, brought out his "William Shakespeare" in three volumes, and soon thereupon Georg Brandes became known in the Anglo-Saxon world. To-day four-fifths of his entire production exist in English.

There has been during the past thirty years no movement, ethical or æsthetic, political or social, with the rise or development of which Georg Brandes has not in some degree been associated. He fought against the religious issues of Grundtvig. He fought for justice

to the oppressed people of Schleswig-Holstein. He met Harold Höffding in a short, sharp duel on the Nietzsche theories. He took a prominent part in the discussion about the sale of the Danish West Indies. I don't know when he has lacked courage. I don't know when he counted the cost.

But his people could not use him. Some writers have tried to show why. They have not done so dispassionately. In Brandes of course the critic and the agitator are inseparable. Yet he is anything but the selfish, vain, and altogether despicable creature one Alfred Ipsen makes of him in a three-volume tome, printed three years ago. There was a day when the same Alfred Ipsen kneeled at his shrine.

I have not forgotten that there was much ado about Brandes on February 3, 1902, when he attained the venerable age of sixty. A torch-light parade took place. Also a banquet, with speeches a-plenty, and where it was whispered that at last—at last the Government was ready to right an ancient wrong, by granting Brandes an annuity of 6000 crowns, with a titular professorship. He gets the money now. Six thousand glittering Danish crowns!

But even fresher in my memory are certain things Brandes said to me when I saw him last December. How he had aged since March of the same year!

"I wonder," said he, "I wonder if of all the illusions I in my time have cherished, I have a single one left?"



## Vacation

THE Spirit of Life has wrought upon the world  
The old-time miracle, none knoweth how:  
Green fields, the banners of the wood unfurled,  
The flash of wings across the smiling moors,  
The piled-up cumuli where heaven soars  
All beautiful ever:—it is summer now,  
And I am free in God's great out of doors!

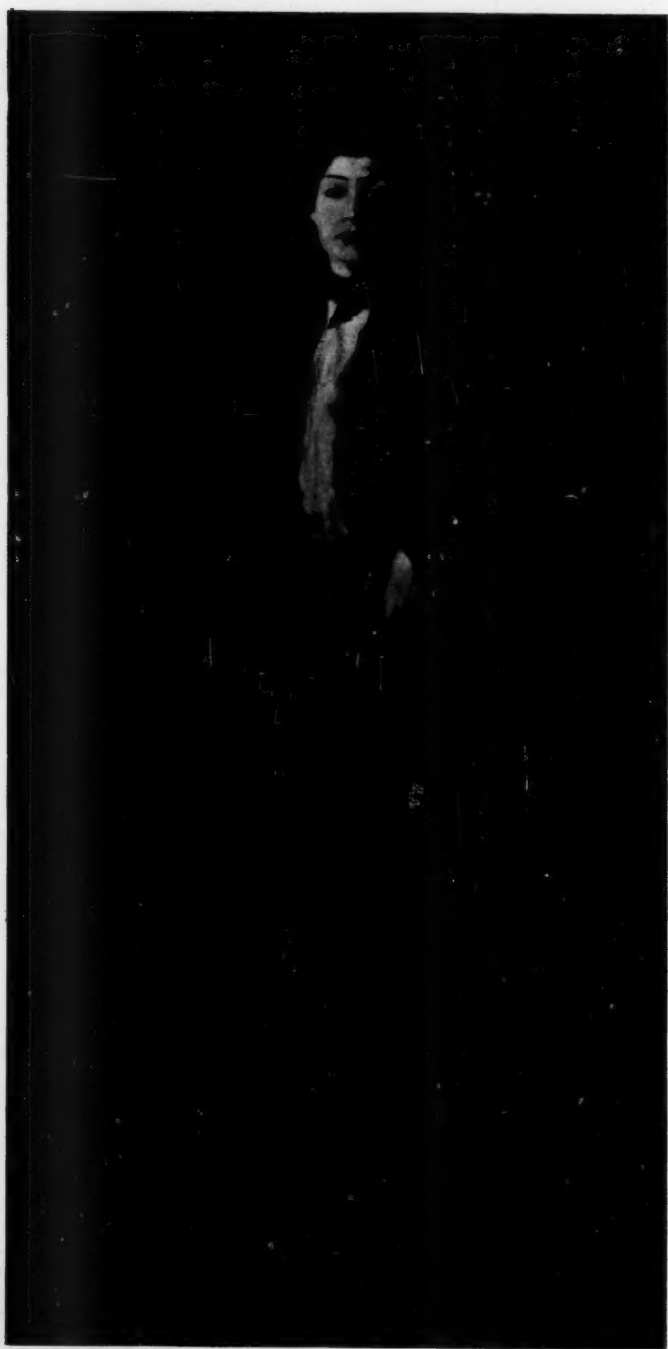
In the warm grasses as one lies alone,  
And hears the message which the low wind brings—  
Unsyllabled indeed but not unknown—  
His very being seems to ebb and spend,  
And somehow in the great world-rhythm blend,—  
Those deep pulsations from the heart of things  
That throb, and throb, and throb, and make no end.

All things are mine; to all things I belong;  
I mingle in them—heeding bounds nor bars—  
Float in the cloud, melt in the river's song;  
In the clear wave from rock to rock I leap,  
Widen away, and slowly onward creep;  
I stretch forth glimmering hands beneath the stars,  
And lose my little murmur in the deep.

Yea, more than that: whatever I behold—  
Dark forest, mountain, the o'erarching wheel  
Of heaven's solemn turning, all the old  
Immeasurable air and boundless sea—  
Yields of its life, builds life and strength in me  
For tasks to come, while I but see and feel  
And merely am and it is joy to be.

Lo, that small spark within us is not blind  
To its beginning; struck from one vast Soul  
Which, in the framework of the world, doth bind  
All parts together; small, but still agreeing  
With That which moulded us without our seeing:  
Since God is all, and all in all—the Whole  
In whom we live and move and have our being.

SAMUEL V. COLE.



YOUNG WOMAN IN BLACK  
By Robert Henri



## Robert Henri

ROBERT HENRI has developed a method of combined portrait and figure painting by which he gives to his sitters canvases filled with the best of what is most worthily characteristic of the rising school of American artists. These men of the comparatively younger generation are moderate with their innovations, since, as yet, the older men breed no antagonism by controlling a strict and classical academy such as unfailingly develops in every nation's artistic life, and so, fortunately, the more progressive body has spared their public the pain of looking at such crudities as undoubtedly would be produced by an open revolt. Rather, in place of such a marked struggle, a sane balance rests between the normal and established methods of the painting of the more elderly, and the resisting of convention and the striking out towards new ideas and new means of expression of the more youthful.

Though Mr. Henri undoubtedly belongs to the latter group, yet he has taken care to "make haste slowly," and to approach his art with conceptions that are full of respect for the accepted manner of painting of established men as well as with conceptions that show personal spontaneity. In this measure, then, he works with restraint upon portraits that not only gratify the desire for resemblance of the sitter, but, also interest the public who view them as figure-studies which, for once, have not been made from the ordinary hack professional models. For, with all his admiration of the picture as such, and with all his belief that the likeness in his portrait should be held chiefly as the means to his less concrete end, he never scamps his efforts to properly emphasize those little surface conceits and idiosyncrasies that mark the character of the man or the woman before him. So he never turns away a sitter disappointed in the feeling that good money has been wasted to forward an artist's

hobby, but, on the contrary, he produces results that are full of similitude, and, what is more, full of the character of to-day—as they must be by necessity, if they are to well represent contemporary persons. Yet, with all his modern touch, his method has such a lack of customary nervousness that the spectator becomes delighted at seeing the vital features of the full-lipped actresses and hysterical American women brought out unmistakably through a medium that is filled with gentle thought. He appreciates such contrasts as those of light faces against dark backgrounds, but handles them with a tact that keeps them from being offensive in their prominence. He draws thoroughly; yet with his method he has a deep respect for the appearance of body or form, and so, in quite the opposite fashion from the man who tints his carefully prepared black and white groundwork, he aims to produce results directly from his brush manipulation. He has succeeded. He has placed himself in that rank where he must be counted as a distinct factor in the advance of American art.

Robert Henri was born in Cincinnati in 1865. He began to paint from the time when he was old enough to think of such things, but his first serious effort came in his twentieth year when he started his student life in Philadelphia. After two seasons there, however, he had outstripped his fellow-workers, and accordingly started for Paris, where for three years he devoted himself consciously to his painting at Julien's atelier and in the Beaux Arts. His first prize was won with his painting "La Neige" exhibited in the Salon of 1899, and bought for the Luxembourg Museum. He took a silver medal at the Pan-American exhibition, and again at St. Louis. He is a member of the National Academy and other institutions.

H. ST.-G.

# The Italian Stage of To-day

By RAFFAELE SIMBOLI

THERE is no use in re-opening the question which has already caused so much debate—whether there really *is* an Italian theatre. Some have denied it because the scanty dramatic production is inorganic and has not a definitely national character. Others, again, assert that there is no use looking for unity of action in a country whose history and ethnology inevitably make for division. And so each party adheres, and will adhere, to its own opinion.

Another thing that has the nature of a fixed law, which nothing is to be gained by discussing, is the way in which the two tribes of playwrights

One day Giuseppe Giacosa, a man enjoying the esteem of both sides, conceived the benevolent idea of getting them both together and talking sense to them. Accordingly, a year ago actors and dramatists met in Milan. The position taken by the players was perhaps a little aggressive, and Roberto Bracco, one of the youngest of the dramatists, showed a disposition to resent it, telling them that they ought to have been grateful to the authors instead of treating them as enemies. Then arose an orator on the other side who proclaimed loudly that he, for his part, was grateful to nobody, and that the dramatists had better spend their time in writing plays that were worth something. The chairman vainly endeavored to quell the confusion which ensued, and was finally obliged to dissolve the assembly. Both sides returned to their usual habits—the authors to writing plays which they said there was nobody fit to act, and the actors to appearing in plays which they were equally convinced were not worth putting on the stage.

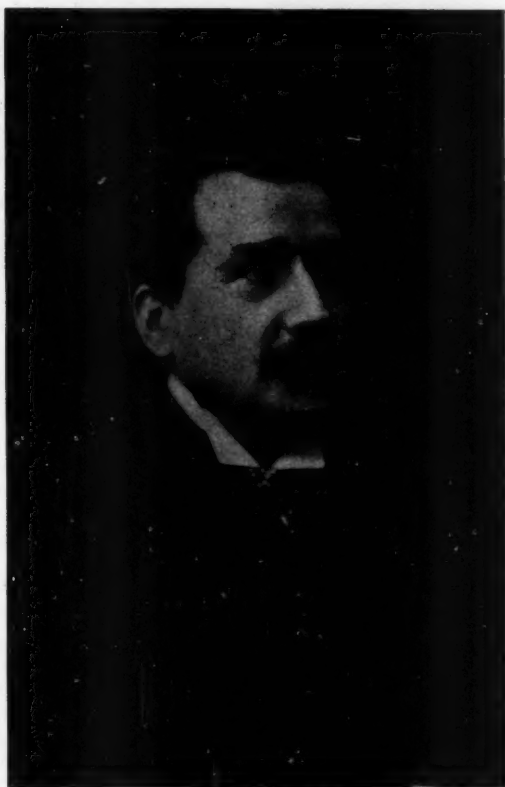
This interesting episode is narrated here for the purpose of showing the uselessness of certain things; and among the least useful is the discussion as to whether there is or is not an Italian national drama to-day. Which ever way this question is settled, there is no doubt that we have notable authors and plays, and not a few admirable actors and actresses. Among these last it is sufficient to mention the names of Eleonora Duse, Adelaide Ristori, and Giacinta Pezzana.

Of the dramatists d'Annunzio is easily first in tragedy. Though it would be too much to say that all his plays have been successful, at least all bear the stamp of a strong mind and reveal uncommon classical culture. Sarah Bernhardt has spoken of him in these decisive terms: "In his dramas there is a positive Renaissance of the greatest periods of Italian tragedy." He is



D' ANNUNZIO, FROM AN ITALIAN CARICATURE

and actors, in spite of their common interests, maintain an inherited feud.



SIGNOR ALFREDO TESTONI

exceedingly popular in Paris—not only, as might be supposed, for his novels and poems. To be sure, Parisians recognize in him a great æsthetic master; but they admire his tragedies also, both for style and for plot. Duse, intellectual as she is, has made no mistake in educating her talents to the interpretation of his work. At the present moment there is lively expectation of his new tragedy "La Nave," which is soon to be given in the principal theatres. It is possible that d'Annunzio produces too much, and is somewhat careless of the finish of his work; but it is certain that not even his enemies can deny any longer that he is a born dramatist.

Passing by a swift transition to comedy, and reserving for a last desperate plunge the modern drama of psychol-

ogy and passion, we must mention two playwrights who cannot be accused of drawing tears from the most sentimental of their fair hearers—Traversi and Testoni. The former, whom most members of the profession call simply by the familiar nickname of Giannino, is well known in wider circles. He is not only a dramatist but a lecturer, a writer on public questions, a man of the world, and a sportsman. He has had experience of human ingratitude. He once gave an extremely interesting lecture entitled "Confessions of a Dramatist," in which he spoke of the conditions of the Italian stage with unusual frankness and unusual knowledge, laying bare the inner mechanism of theatrical life and touching lightly on the obstinate self-conceit of certain actors and actresses. Presently he



SIGNOR G. A. TRAVERS

found himself the defendant in a libel suit, and was condemned to pay a fine of two hundred francs. The lecture, however, when it appeared in print, had an enormous circulation.

"We authors," he said in it, "are not held in the highest consideration by the majority of those who interpret our work, living as they do in the blissful persuasion of the possession of knowledge far superior to ours. Once when I was sitting back in the obscurity of a box at a rehearsal, the leading man attempted to impress on another actor what he thought the proper rendering of a line. The other replied that the author, the day before, had told him how to speak it. 'What does *he* know about it?' haughtily answered the leading man—and the author in the shadow of the box had his own thoughts. Another time, without proper regard for the nerves of a leading lady, I was sufficiently unkind to exercise my rights as an author by withdrawing from her a comedy which she was murdering. Well, from that day to this she has pursued me with an implacable hatred, and my name has

never appeared on the playbills of her company. Since then, that I may not be universally blacklisted, I have adopted the politic habit of assuring each of my interpreters that I have never known a greater actor than himself." Traversi had a somewhat tempestuous youth, but retired in time from its distractions to a half-decayed villa belonging to his father, and devoted himself to the cultivation of silkworms. One day he had a letter from an actress asking for an appointment on urgent business, which turned out to be the writing of a comedy for a benefit performance. The comedy was written; but the author, on account of an incident which happened during rehearsals, preferred to withdraw it. "Ermete Zacconi," Traversi relates, "knowing that in my solitude I was reading the play over to myself every day with enthusiasm, was kind enough to ask me to let him have it. Thus I wound up my business before my creditors urged me to the step, and said farewell to my silkworms, convinced that I had it in me to produce something even more valuable than silk." His success was immediate and decisive. Since then he has written a vast number of comedies, nearly all of which have turned out well. He has given to the Italian stage a note of gaiety which, though it may spring from satirical, almost cynical, observation, generally succeeds in veiling its satire under a cheerful smile. Among his most notable works may be mentioned "La scuola del marito," "La scalata dell' Olimpo," and "Giorni più liete." It is one of his peculiarities to do all his best creative work in summer, throwing off a whole play in a few days, but afterwards spending much time and reams of paper in revising and re-writing.

Alfredo Testoni is the most fortunate dramatist in Italy. The stage has a way of reserving unpleasant surprises for even the strongest dramatists; but Testoni has never known failure. He possesses the great secret of winning and not wearying the public. His comedies are always lively, the dialogue rapid and effective. He does not pre-

tend to solve complicated psychological questions; his subjects are frequently slight, but handled with mastery and exquisite taste. Among his most recent and notable works are "Fra due guanciali," "In automobile," "Quel non so che," "La duchessina," and the latest of all, "Il Cardinal Lamberini," which has had a great success in Italy. At one time he dabbled in journalism, but now he devotes himself entirely to the stage. Still young and full of talent and of ambition, he has probably a long career of success before him.

In the division of serious drama apart from tragedy, there are such notable authors as Praga, Rovetta, Giacosa, Bracco, and Butti. Marco Praga is not one of the dramatists who can turn out a play a year to order. He writes only when he feels he has something to say. He is president of the "Società degli Autori," the work of which takes up almost his entire day. He is a very active man, with an iron will, manners perhaps a trifle brusque, but sincere and kind-hearted. He does not believe in beating about the bush, and if he thinks a man is wrong he will tell him so without unnecessary circumlocution, so that it is not surprising that he has more than one enemy. He is a rapid writer; the first two acts of "La Crisi" were written in a week, the second act of "La Moglie ideale" in three evenings. He has a fine psychological insight, and his characters have a way of being very much alive. Curiously enough, he is afraid of his audiences, and has never summoned up courage to be present at the first night of one of his own plays, usually awaiting the news of its reception in a town at the other end of Italy.

Gerolamo Rovetta's dramas are thoroughly modern in content, and strong to a degree which is almost appalling. An indelible impression of close and cogent thought is left by some of them, especially such as "I Disonesti" and the trilogy of "Dorina." But these are not his only successes; "Realtà," "Marco Spada," "Principio di Secolo," "Ramo d'Olivio," and "Romanticismo" deserve to



SIGNOR ENRICO CONRADINI

be put in this class. He is also a deservedly popular novelist. His best-known work of this kind is "La Signorina," which has been already translated into several languages. He writes methodically day after day, with the regularity of a bank clerk, and has thus accumulated a vast amount of literary luggage. If his novels had the same success, moral and material, as his plays, he would probably write nothing else, but unfortunately they do not manage to reach large editions in Italy. He was brought up amid rich and aristocratic surroundings, and knows thoroughly the society on which he turns his incisive satire. Nearly all his plays have an abrupt ending, which is practically no ending at all. They leave the audience in suspense, expecting each member of it to know by intuition what the characters have chosen not to say—a modern way of ending which in Italy of late has been somewhat too popular.

Giuseppe Giacosa is a veteran of the stage. It is close on thirty years since



the first production of his "Partita a scacchi" and some other things, among which may be singled out one in verse in the style of Rostand's "Cyrano" and "Romanesques." The "Partita a scacchi" was very successful; but when it was obvious that the romanticism of these earlier plays was losing its hold, Giacosa was not slow in following a new direction, and fortune once more smiled upon his "Tristi amori," a realistic drama in the manner of Becque, which was succeeded by a still greater triumph with "Come le foglie." He follows the evolution of dramatic art step by step, and seems to be able readily to adapt his talents to its demands. "Tristi amori" is still thought to be his masterpiece; but many people are waiting with interest to see whether he will not yet surpass it. He is a facile writer of verse, and in collaboration with Illica has turned out in recent years a number of opera librettos.

Butti and Bracco are writers of problem plays. The former has chosen for his battle-field that on which the great forces of science and faith come into conflict. He does not pretend to have found the solution of his apparently insoluble problem, but sets vividly before us men and women imbued with the scepticism of science, in contrast to others full of a strong faith, leaving in a sufficiently equal balance, in face of the mysteries of death and the Infinite, what is called the ignorance of the religious man and the learning of the scientist, though his conclusion inclines to favor a Christian idealism not limited by the Church. His best-known work is contained in the trilogy bearing the titles "Corsa al piacere," "Lucifero," and "Una tempesta." During the winter when he is at Milan he does hardly any work, gets up late in the mornings, and plays chess or strolls through the town accompanied by his special pet Pippo, a fat, ugly, asthmatic dog who follows him everywhere. In summer, however, when he sleeps badly, he works hard and makes up for lost time. He is of a nervous disposition, and cannot sit still for

more than a few moments, even at meals.

Roberto Bracco is among the younger men of genius. His plays do not always convince the public, but his work is so conscientious that it is always deserving of respect. Popular success, for that matter, is not what he is aiming at; he develops his thesis with absolute sincerity and cares for nothing else. When the critics misunderstand him, he is perfectly capable of taking his own part in a well-balanced and incisive style. He also writes delightful short stories, which have now been collected in four volumes. It would take too much space to give a complete list of his works, but at least the principal ones may be mentioned—"Maschere," "Trionfo," "Don Pietro Caruso," "Tragedie dell'anima," "Maternità," "Uno degli onesti." He began by writing verses in the Neapolitan dialect, newspaper articles, and some small controversial works like the one in which he combated spiritualism. Those days were not particularly easy for him, but now he is recognized as one of the main hopes of the Italian stage. Like Praga, he objects strongly to appearing at *premieres*; when he cannot get out of going to the theatre on those occasions, he shuts himself up in a small room where he cannot even hear the voices of the actors. Once, on such an occasion, his friends went to look for him at the hotel and found him wrapped in placid slumbers.

There are a number of other names, not belonging to the first rank of dramatic production. Besides Giovanni Vergea, a Sicilian writer of great force who has lately written little or nothing for the stage, one may mention Luigi Capuana, Sabatino Lopez, Colautti, Ogetti, Giorgiori, Contri, Achille Torelli, Mario Giobbe, Soldani, Lucio d'Ambra. There are also some young men of promise, such as Bertolazzi, known by his comedies "Lulù," "Casa del sonno," "Lorenzo e il suo avvocato"; Enrico Conradini, a Florentine of considerable strength, whose last play, "Maria Salvestri," will soon be produced by Duse. Italy has not



SIGNOR ROBERTO BRACCO

many women writers for the stage, and of these one is obliged to say that none passes mediocrity. The largest body of work belongs to Clarice Tartufari, who is rather well known in Germany; then come Amelia Rosselli, with a drama which has been very popular, "Anima"; Ida Finzi of Trent; and Adelaide Bernardini.

Among all the dramatists of the first rank who have been mentioned, the one most affected abroad is Bracco. Last year at Paris his works had a veritable triumph, especially those in one act, which M. Faguet called perfect pictures of the life of to-day. "La Fine dell' amore" had a great success in Berlin and went well also in Vienna and Budapest. No little foreign attention has been paid also to Butti's psychological problems; Miss Helen Zimmer in an

article in the *Cornhill Magazine* calls him "the idealist leader." The last things of Rovetta and Giacosa have likewise appeared in a foreign dress.\*

For some years, then, the Italian drama has shown a notable increase of energy, and, in the midst of much that is decadent, has succeeded in keeping fairly well up to the height of its classical inspirations and lofty hopes. The most intelligent and determined of the younger men have made up their minds to direct the tendencies of the stage towards the highest idealism of modern thought; and there seems plenty of reason to hope for their full and final victory.

\* The Italian dramatists are already attracting the attention of English-speaking actors. Two of d'Annunzio's plays will be produced next season by the Sothern-Marlowe Company, and it is said that Enrico Conradini's "Maria Salvezza" will also have a hearing in English.—EDITOR.



CARICATURE OF SIGNOR MARCO PRAGA, PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS

## Two Books of Song

Reviewed by EDITH M. THOMAS

A YOUNG English girl, devoted to house-pets and to animal life in general, was once asked to furnish some of her interesting experiences in this sort to a periodical of the S. P. C. A., issued in behalf of her beloved clientele. "No," said she, "not a word till the dear animals themselves can read what I write about them." We do not know by what stroke of nature-magic Mr. John Burroughs may have obtained the patronage so desired by our young English friend, but we may suspect this happy conclusion, in the fact that he dedicates this volume\* of his verses to an insouciant fellow-singer, and perhaps, also, the tiny laureate of the apple-blossom time. Witness his captivating dedication: "To the Kinglet that Sang in my Evergreens in October and Made me Think it was May."

Equally felicitous and suggestive is the title under which these charming nature-notes have been collected; and we may be forgiven our tampering with a time-honored adage, if we shall say that a Bird in the Bough, as Mr. Burroughs describes that Bird and that Bough, is worth not merely two (but two hundred) in the Hand of almost any other lover of the wild who might be cited. We remember the plaint in "Each and All," wherein the poet captures the singing sparrow and his nest and brings both home with the forlorn sequel,

He sings the song, but it cheers not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and sky. \*

But our "John-o'-Birds," with sagacious and sciential forethought, has not neglected to secure with his live capture, whether that capture be bird or flower, some essential portion of its setting. And though we shall not find among his descriptive lines any such marvel of lyric richness and simplicity as meets us in John Keats's unrivalled

flower-trophy, "Daffodils and the green world they live in," we shall be taught to know the flower when we see it, and to know it by its name, and in its own chosen habitat; as, for instance,

When, dancing in its rocky frame,  
I saw th' columbine's flower of flame.

Nor will he leave the flower nodding on its rocky ledge without suggesting, as a true poet and true naturalist may, those birds that wear the colors of the columbine's own realm, and that, as if by subtle correspondence, haunt the same flame-lit solitude. Mr. Burroughs advises us in his preface that we shall not find in his book "a hint of any Flora or Fauna but our own." Personally, patriotic limitations of this kind do not greatly appeal; and we would as soon pursue St. Felix and his magic bird "that never was," as to look for the jealously hidden nest of bobolink or whippoorwill, or to follow up the hermit thrush and his two other wild-wood congeners, the veery and the winter-wren. But it is high time our professed nature-poets should know the "lay of the land" about them, if they are going to enter into descriptive details. And it is the singer of "Bird and Bough" who can imitate them in the cult of our so-called familiar, but in reality still unfamiliar, field and forest life, with its shy, adorable mysteries. We might profitably quote from Mr. Burroughs's exact poesies about birds and flowers, but we feel that his muse deserves also a more general showing of her lyric possibilities and so we give, entire, "The Return":

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—  
The scenes he had known as a boy;  
"Oh, for a draught of those fountains sweet  
And a taste of that vanished joy!"

He roamed the fields, he wooed the streams,  
His school-boy paths essayed to trace;  
The orchard ways recalled his dreams,  
The hills were like his mother's face.

\* "Bird and Bough." By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

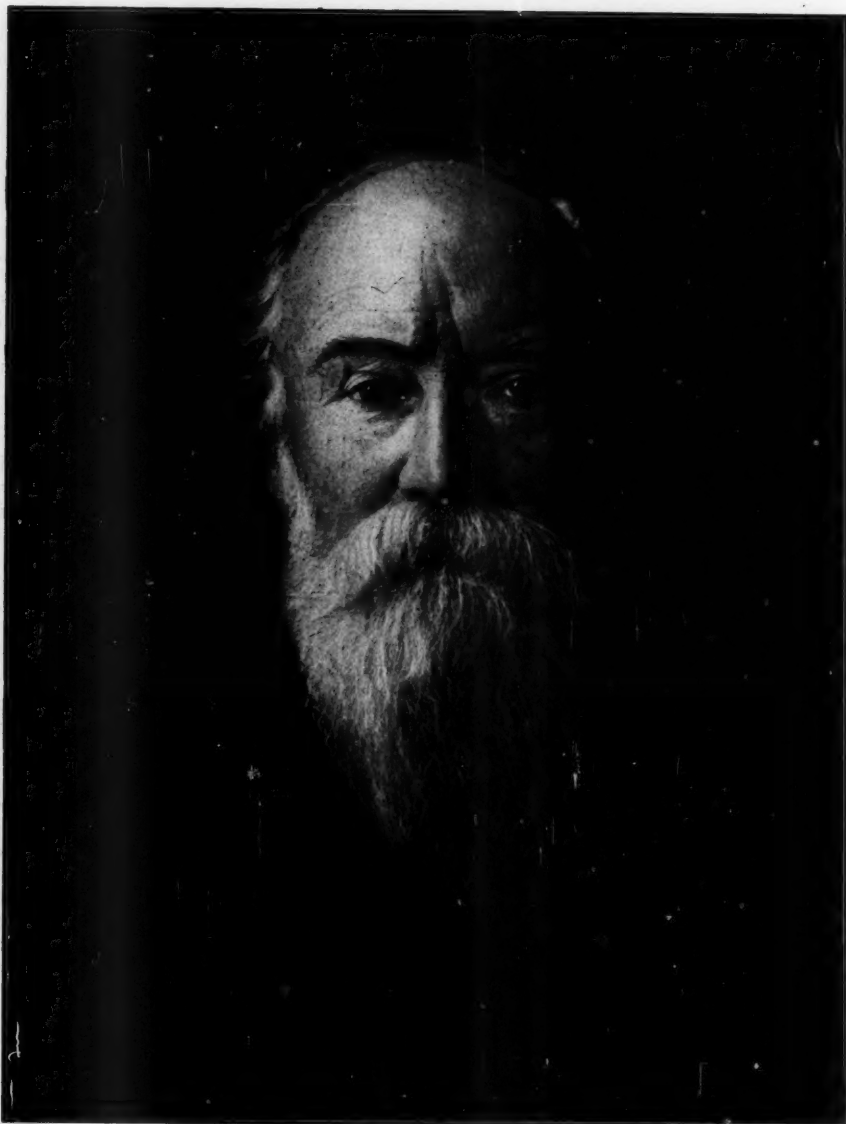


Photo for THE CRITIC by

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS

Histed



## Two Books of Song

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O sad, sad hills! O cold, cold, hearth!  
In sorrow he learned this truth—  
One may return to the place of his birth:  
He cannot go back to his youth.

But, since our poet-naturalist's salutatory is of a bird, it is befitting that his valedictory be addressed, also, to singing kindred of his, the "Snow-Birds:

From out the white and pulsing storm  
I hear the snow-birds calling;  
The sheeted winds stalk o'er the hills,  
And fast the snow is falling.

Like children laughing at their play  
I hear the birds a-twitter,  
What care they that the skies are dim  
Or that the cold is bitter?

On twinkling wings they eddy past,  
At home amid the drifting,  
Or seek the hills and weedy fields  
Where fast the snow is sifting.

Their coats are dappled white and brown  
Like fields in winter weather,  
But on the azure sky they float  
Like snowflakes knit together.

I've heard them on the spotless hills  
Where fox and hound were playing,  
The while I stood with eager ear  
Bent on the distant baying.

The unown fields are their preserves,  
Where weeds and grass are seeding;  
They know the lure of distant stacks  
Where houseless herds are feeding.

O cheery bird of winter cold,  
I bless thy every feather;  
Thy voice brings back dear boyhood days  
When we were gay together.

For many American lovers of verse these "Selections from the Poetry of John Payne"\* may be their first introduction to the work of an exquisite artist in rhyme-building,—an artist who is also musician (as the harmonious flow of his lines well betokens); add to these, the scholar, and the skilful linguist who has furnished translations of the Arabian Nights, of Persian Hafiz, and of Villon. Of his

gifts in the last-named field, there is special evidence in this volume, in the charming sonnets, one in the language of Dante, and another in that of the poet's friend, Stéphane Mallarmé, to whom it is addressed. Mr. Payne has also some fine instances of his ability to transfer exotic forms of verse into the English garden of song, as witness the selections from his rondels and villanelles with other intricate Gallic forms in the present volume. As to the prevailing mood of Mr. Payne's muse, it is one of delicate melancholy. We should not say pessimism is a prevailing characteristic, though this has been the verdict of certain critics. What the poet says for himself and for his work, in a sonnet entitled "Exit," is sufficiently definitive as regards both artist and the song he fashions:

This is my House of Dreams—a house of shade,  
Built with the fleeting visions of the night.  
. . . things that seem  
Are here the things of life and give commands  
To living; *for a dream is on my hands*  
*And on my life the shadow of a dream.*

Hence, many of the poet's themes, and his tendency towards allegorical invention, illustrated in such finely visioned narrative as is found in "The Fountain of Youth," which portrays the quest of certain former comrades of Ponce de Leon, whose souls still

Yearned unappeasably toward the West  
Where welled the wondrous chrim.

Here, the measure employed is that of "Enoch Arden," resulting very frequently in Tennysonian effects of grave beauty and grandeur. "Sir Erwin's Questing" is similar adventure in another portion of the poet's wide-reaching dream-continent. Elsewhere, he beckons us "Into the Enchanted Land," where, among other sights of lovely glamour, y

The silver fawns of Faërie do pass  
White in the sweet white beams.

But the moonlight world where he bids us adventure is a world of spiritual realities; for it is under the purview of Percivale, the blameless Knight of

\* "Selections from the Poetry of John Payne." John Lane & Co. \$2.50 net.



MR. JOHN PAYNE

Christ. "In Armida's Garden" (written for Gluck's "Armide") is like a word-transcript both of "heard melodies," and "those unheard," which Keats has taught us are ever "sweeter."

We should like to quote extensively from "The Shadow-Soul" and from the "Grave of My Songs" (which poems read to us like personalia of the universal poet-nature); but we must content ourselves with such compacter illustration as is afforded in the sonnet—the following "Tropic-Flower:"

As I went walking in the air one day  
 Sadly enough—a thought laid hold on me  
 With flower-soft hands and would not set me free.  
 It was, meseemed, as if a rose of May  
 Blew suddenly against a wintry way  
 Of snow and barren boughs; for I could see  
 No cause why such a lovely light could be  
 In my dull soul, nor how my heart's dismay  
 Should have lent life to any pleasant thing.  
 But, with remembering, presently I knew

That this was but the scarlet flowering  
 Of some most bitter aloe-root that grew  
 In my sick soul an hundred years and drew  
 All my lost summers to its single spring.

And yet, so intimate a subjective note, revealing of the poet-heart, is struck in "Shadow-Soul," that one stanza, at least, we must cull therefrom:

Haply, one day these songs of mine  
 Some world-worn mortal shall console  
 With savour of the bitter wine  
 Of tears crushed out from a man's dole;  
 And he shall say, tears in his eyes,  
*There was great love in this man's soul.*

It should be added that these "Selections" have been made with excellent taste and judgment by Tracy and Lucy Robinson, the latter furnishing the Introduction, which is done with sympathetic insight and with fine appreciation of the subject.

# Miss Marlowe and her Juvenile Spectators

By ELIZABETH McCracken

AN erudite professor was talking to me, not very long ago, concerning the reasons for and against taking small children to the theatre, to see plays acted. "The trouble is," he declared, with a verbal subtilty which delicately suggested recent intercourse with Mr. Henry James, "that we don't take them to see plays acted; we take them to see players act!"

"Is there a difference?" I ventured.

"There is a distinction," returned the professor.

"But, what else can we do?" I inter-rogated.

"Well," replied the learned man with sudden and unexpected definiteness, "instead of taking them to see Miss Julia Marlowe act Juliet, for instance, we might have taken them to the Castle Square Theatre to see Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet', as produced by the stock company."

"But why 'instead'?" I made inquiry.

The professor willingly explained. "At the Castle Square Theatre," he said, "they would have seen the play, without being captivated by the fame of any one of its players."

"Are you sure it is Miss Marlowe's fame that proves so captivating to them?" I put in.

"Oh, it may be her manner; it may be her method. Call it what you will; it is its effect to which I refer. Miss Marlowe does n't produce a play; she impersonates a character. I am merely citing her as one example of a general principle," he added apologetically.

"But why cite her, so particularly?" I queried.

The learned man smiled. "She is such a salient example!" he exclaimed. "A child who has seen her in a play, forgets the play, and remembers only her!"

The erudite professor paused. As I made no use of the opportunity thus

given, to question the justice of his direful accusation, he returned to the main road of his subject, and journeyed along it to a goal far distant from that point at which he had discovered, in a child's attitude toward Miss Marlowe's impersonations, a salient example of a general principle. It had been impossible to deny the truth of the charge he had made; I had found myself recollecting too many children who, having seen Miss Marlowe in plays, forgot the plays, and remembered only Miss Marlowe.

My own acquaintanceship with such children began rather a long time ago. One Friday evening, during the academic period of my existence, a "former pupil" appeared at the doors of the academy of which I was an inmate, accompanied by her six-year-old daughter, to stop until Sunday with another "former pupil," who had become a member of the present faculty. The reminiscences in which the two contemporaries indulged interested me hugely. Perceiving this, they graciously allowed me to shadow them until the "retiring bell" rang. The next morning, again hovering about, I heard them discussing their plans for the day.

"There are dozens of things I want you to do with me," said the hostess, and she named a few of these things.

"But there is the infant to be considered," the guest demurred. "I can't leave her; and she can't go with us."

They had been so amiable to me; and I was grateful. "Let her stay with me," I said impulsively. "I'll take care of her."

The two "former pupils" glanced at the small girl, who was very shy. I, too, looked at her. "I have a doll," I remarked; "a beautiful one that I had when I was young. She has a trunk quite full of lovely clothes. I'll let you dress and undress her as much as you like, if you'll stay."



MISS MARLOWE AT THE AGE OF TWELVE  
(From an imaginary sketch by Miss K. C. Budd.)

The little girl's timidity melted. "I'll stay," she said emphatically.

"Have you time?" asked her mother of me.

"It's Saturday," I answered briefly.

"Will it be all right?" she inquired of the member of the faculty.

"Oh, yes," she was assured.

It occasionally happened that a "day pupil" came to take me to drive on Saturday afternoon; or that the English wife of the rector of the nearest parish invited me to tea. These pleasures were not lightly to be foregone. I explained to the small girl's mother. "May she go with me?" I requested.

"She may go with you anywhere you may go," said that lady expansively, after a whispered conference with her hostess.

"But don't let her out of your sight for a moment," supplemented the other "former pupil."

"I won't," I promised; "not for an instant."

The two "former pupils" were quite satisfied. They shortly left the house, observing that they would be back before dark. In less than an hour, a friend whose civilities usually took the form of invitations to the evening lectures on literary subjects with which the town was sometimes favored, called.

"My dear," she said unexpectedly, so soon as I had greeted her, and introduced the "former pupil's" little girl, "should you care to go with me this afternoon to see 'As You Like It'? The Rosalind is a new one—Miss Julia Marlowe."

"There is the infant to be considered!" I involuntarily quoted.

My caller smiled. "One of the other girls—" she began.

"I promised not to let her out of my sight for a moment!" I sadly interposed.

"Her mother might not want her to go, or——"

"Oh," I interrupted again, "she said she might go anywhere I might go!"

"Then, let's take her," my friend said decidedly.

After much consulting of many persons, we did take her. "She won't be

interested in it!" all the many persons foretold; but the little girl was. She was deeply interested in it; especially in the Rosalind, the "new one—Miss Julia Marlowe."

She did not say very much about it to my friend or to me. That Saturday evening she sat, rather tired and sleepy, on my lap. Her mother, half amused by, half dubious of, the visit to the theatre, questioned her. "What did you see, darling?" she said.

"A girl, mamma," replied the small daughter; "the *prettiest* girl! She told them to call her Rosalind; but her name was 'my sweet Rose, my dear Rose'; and oh, mamma, she was *so* sweet and dear!"

"Was that all?" asked the mother.

"Oh, there were some people the girl knew; one boy cutted her name on a stick. She *was* so pretty, mamma!"

"Who else was there?" the "former pupil" still pursued.

"Some other girls, and other boys, too. One said he did n't think her name was pretty. It was n't as pretty as *she* was!" The little girl gave a sigh of drowsy content. "I wish you'd seen her, mamma," she said; "I liked her *so much*!"

The small girl's mother looked at her friend, the member of the faculty. "The infant seems to have seen a performance of 'As You Like It' with every one excepting Rosalind left out!" she exclaimed whimsically.

Had this incident been a scrap of the erudite professor's lore, he would, no doubt, have made use of it in his discussion of the obstacles standing in the way of children whose elders would have them see plays acted, without having them captivated by any one of the players.

That small girl is now a larger girl. Recently I saw her. "Do you remember me?" I asked her.

"Of course I do," she replied. "I dressed and undressed your doll; and you took me, the time I saw Rosalind——"

"'As You Like It,' you mean," I pedantically corrected.

"Oh, no," she protested; "Rosalind! I've seen 'As You Like It' lots



of times since; but that once was the only time I ever saw Rosalind!"

Another little girl, whom I met in the State of Maryland, had, as I learned by chance, seen Barbara Frietchie. I was visiting her grandmother, in whose house she lived.

"It may interest you to know that the village of Frederick is near this place," said my hostess one day.

"The town of Barbara Frietchie! Do you know about her?" I inquired of the small girl who was present. "There is a poem——"

"Yes, I know," the child interrupted eagerly; "but some of it is n't true! It says she was *old*—'fourscore years and ten'! that's ninety—I counted it up. And that she had *gray* hair!"

"But all that's quite true," I commented.

The little girl listened, unmoved. "Scuse me; but it is n't," she said with patient politeness. "I *know*; 'cause I saw her. My auntie took me, when I was staying a week with her; and she was n't old, Barbara was n't. She did n't even have her hair done up high. It was n't gray; it was brown, with a rose in it. The man who did the poem made a mistake!"

"Perhaps it was the man who did the play," I suggested.

I had spoken to my hostess; but the small granddaughter replied. "Not 'bout Barbara," she said irrevocably; "she was *there*, just as young and sweet. She waved the flag, and—everything. The poem was right 'bout what she *did*; but it was wrong 'bout *her*!"

"The play—or rather Miss Marlowe, who acted Barbara—made a great impression on the child," said my hostess, when the little girl had left us. "Her mother feared at first that her historical sense had suffered some loss; but I have not been disturbed. After all, Barbara Frietchie was n't merely a person who was 'fourscore years and ten,' and 'had gray hair'! She was Barbara Frietchie; and there can be no question but that my granddaughter's sense of the actuality of Barbara Frietchie is keen enough!"

A little boy, who is one of my friends, also had his historical sense vivified by seeing Miss Marlowe impersonate a character. He was taking a wearisome trolley ride with me one night. To relieve our mutual tedium, he offered to recite some poetry. I listened to "The Walrus and the Carpenter," to "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," and to Mr. Oliver Herford's poem about "The Chimpanzee."

"Those are amusing," I admitted; "but——"

"Oh, I know they are nonsense," the boy solemnly finished for me. "They are *meant* to be. Would you like to hear some *useful* poetry?"

"Useful?"

"Yes; I know some. There's 'Thirty Days Hath September.' That finds the number of days in each month for you. And there's the poem that has all the English kings and queens in it, the way they come. I'll say that."

When he had said it, I responded to his expectant silence by remarking: "It does tell their names; but it tells nothing else. Do you know anything about any of them?"

"Try me—on some of the easy ones," he promptly challenged.

"Who was 'Third Richard'?" I began, at random.

"He was humpbacked; and he smothered the two little princes in the tower, 'cause he wanted to be a king. Then, when he *was* a king, he said he'd give it up, if only he could have a horse." The small boy paused. "You see, I know 'bout *him*," he concluded. "My uncle told me."

"Who was 'Charles whom they slew'?" I continued.

"He was the one the Cavaliers liked. They had long curls. The Puritans had short hair; so they called them Roundheads."

"Well, well, you do know some royal history!" I exclaimed.

"Papa told me that," said my small friend modestly.

"Who was Henry the Eighth?" I next asked.

I fully expected to be told, with unhesitating brevity, as I had been once, by another boy to whom the ques-

tion had been put, that "he was the one who had all the wives." To my amazement, the little boy replied with a rush of glowing words—not one of which touched, even remotely, upon that aspect of the topic.

"Henry the Eighth? Oh—I know a *lot* 'bout him. He was Mary Tudor's brother. She wanted to marry a nice man; but he would n't let her. He made her go to France. She said she did n't see why she had to, just 'cause she had a fat brother. He was *awfully* fat. There were lots of things he tried to make her do; but most times she would n't. *He'd* get mad; and *she'd* get mad; and then she'd sort of smile at him; and he'd smile, too; and let her do what she wanted—'cept marry that man. But she did, at the end; and he only laughed!"

"And who told you all *that*?" I demanded, as the little boy stopped for breath.

"Nobody," he answered; "I saw her in a theatre, Mary Tudor, I mean; and he was there—Henry the Eighth. So I saw it all happen. Try me on a harder king or queen," he advised.

"Henry the Eighth is the easiest one. I know such lots 'bout him. Mary Tudor used to get *so* tired of him. He was all the time wanting to bother her. It was horrid of him. She did n't behave very nice to most everybody 'round; but you could see she was awf'ly nice in her heart," he ended quaintly.

This innate "niceness" another small acquaintance of mine detected in Miss Marlowe's Beatrice.

"I think Benedick was a very silly man," she confided to me, after witnessing Miss Marlowe's and Mr. Sothern's recent production of "Much Ado About Nothing."

"Why?" I inquired.

"To be afraid of Beatrice, 'cause of what she'd say," was the scornful reply.

"She said some very sharp things," I suggested.

"Yes," granted the little girl; "but she did n't *mean* them. Think of the kind, sweet way she had of saying them!"

Are there not those among us who will never cease to think of the inimitably "kind, sweet way" Miss Marlowe had of saying even the most caustic of Beatrice's speeches?

Not only in the public theatre, scattered about among older auditors, has Miss Marlowe had her juvenile spectators. I remember one of her audiences, which was composed almost entirely of small children. They were children who came from tenements, members of a college settlement club; and Miss Marlowe had come to see them, and to read to them.

She read only the most simple rhymes: "A Lost Doll," and "'Jes 'Fore Christmas," and "'Seein' Things at Night," and "'T was the Night Before Christmas," and as many more of a similar nature; and read them in the simplest imaginable manner. The rhymes, without exception, were familiar to the children, but Miss Marlowe was not. They gazed at her, curiously; then, wonderingly; and then with frank delight. "She makes the poems sound different," whispered one little girl to me.

But, when Miss Marlowe had gone, even that child forgot the rhymes, and remembered only Miss Marlowe. I had lingered to hear what else she might say. "Did you like the reading?" I asked her.

"When she smiled," returned the little girl, unheeding of the form of my question, "she put me in mind of a Christmas tree, with all the candles lit up."

"Yes," acquiesced a boy, joining us; "and when she talked, it sounded like the way singin' *would* sound if it was talkin'."

A tiny boy gave his opinion: "I liked the way she looked wif her eyes," he said dreamily.

A larger girl laughed. "She was like a princess in a fairy tale—only more so," she declared. "Velvet dress, and feathers in a big hat, and *everythin'.*"

"It was n't her dress," remonstrated another, "or her feathers. It was just herself, the way she was!"

And, even after much reflecting as to

what it is that so commends Miss Marlowe to her childish auditors; even after much questioning as to why she causes them, when they see her in a play, to forget the play, and to remember only her, must we not conclude that it is neither her fame, nor her manner, nor her method, but "just herself"? The rarest quality of Miss Marlowe's exquisite art is its lovely youthfulness. Her mirth is utterly young; at its gayest, it is tinged by a certain wistful gravity. Her woe is young, too; at its saddest, no drop of bitterness stains it.

Children may not be critical, but they are responsive. It does not occur to them to analyze the appeal Miss Mar-

lowe makes to them; instinctively, they accept her as a kindred spirit, as some one not so different from themselves as most "grown-up people."

A few weeks ago, a little boy, who is a friend of mine, was contemplating one of Miss Marlowe's newest photographs. "She looks like the picture in the front of a book," he said thoughtfully. He did not designate the book; but those of us who have read at all extensively know, do we not, that it is such a book as the young especially love; a book which might well be given the title bestowed by a small girl I once met, upon a volume compiled by herself: "Book of Lovely Things That Are True."

## To Walt Whitman

TRANQUIL as stars that unafraid  
Pursue their way through space,  
Vital as light, unhoused as wind,  
Unloosed from time and place;

Solemn as birth, and sane as death,  
Thy bardic chantings move;  
Rugged as earth, and salt as sea,  
And bitter-sweet as love.

MAY MORGAN.

# The Lion and the Mouse:

## A Story of American Life To-Day \*

By CHARLES KLEIN

Novelized from the Play, by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

### IX

The library was the most important room in the Ryder mansion, for it was there that the Colossus carried through his most important business deals, and its busiest hours were those which most men devote to rest. But John Burkett Ryder never rested. There could be no rest for any man who had a thousand millions of dollars to take care of. Like Macbeth, he could sleep no more. When the hum of business life had ceased down town, and he returned home from the tall building in lower Broadway, then his real work began. The day had been given to mere business routine; in his own library at night, free from inquisitive ears and prying eyes, he could devise new schemes for strengthening his grip upon the country, he could evolve more gigantic plans for adding to his already countless millions.

Here the money Moloch held court like any king, with as much ceremony and more secrecy, and having for his courtiers some of the most prominent men in the political and industrial life of the nation. Corrupt senators, grafting Congressmen, ambitious railroad presidents, insolent coal barons who impudently claimed they administered the coal lands in trust for the Almighty, unscrupulous princes of finance and commerce, all visited this room to receive orders or pay from the head of the "System." Here were made and unmade governors of States, mayors of cities, judges, heads of police, cabinet ministers, even presidents. Here were turned over to confidential agents millions of dollars to overturn the people's vote in the national elections; here were distributed yearly hundreds of

thousands of dollars to grafters, large and small, who had earned it in the service of the "interests."

Here, secretly and unlawfully, the heads of railroads met to agree on rates which, by discriminating against one locality in favor of another, crushed out competition, raised the cost to the consumer, and put millions in the pockets of the trust. Here were planned tricky financial operations, with deliberate intent to mislead and deceive the investing public, operations which would send stocks soaring one day, only a week later to put Wall Street on the verge of panic. Half a dozen suicides might result from the *coup*, but twice as many millions of profits had gone into the coffers of the "System." Here, too, was perpetrated the most heinous crime that can be committed against a free people—the conspiring of the trusts, abetted by the railroads, to arbitrarily raise the prices of the necessities of life—meat, coal, oil, ice, gas—wholly without other justification than that of greed, which, with these men, was the unconquerable, all-absorbing passion. In short, everything that unscrupulous leaders of organized capital could devise to squeeze the life-blood out of the patient, defenceless toiler was done within these four walls.

It was a handsome room, noble in proportions and abundantly lighted by three large and deeply recessed millioned windows, one in the middle of the room and one at either end. The lofty ceiling was a marvellously fine example of panelled oak of Gothic design, decorated with gold, and the shelves for books which lined the walls were likewise of oak, richly carved. In the centre of the wall facing the

windows was a massive and elaborately designed oak chimney-piece, reaching up to the ceiling and having in the middle panel over the mantel a fine three-quarter length portrait of George Washington. The room was furnished sumptuously yet quietly, and fully in keeping with the rich collection of classic and modern authors that filled the bookcases, and in corners here and there stood pedestals with marble busts of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Voltaire. It was the retreat of a scholar rather than a man of affairs.

When Jefferson entered, his father was seated at his desk, a long black cigar between his lips, giving instructions to Mr. Bagley. Mr. Ryder looked up quickly as the door opened and the secretary made a movement forward as if to eject the intruder, no matter who he might be. They were not accustomed to having people enter the sanctum of the Colossus so uncereemoniously. But when he saw who it was, Mr. Ryder's stern, set face relaxed and he greeted his son amiably:

"Why, Jeff, my boy, is that you? Just a moment, until I get rid of Bagley, and I'll be with you."

Jefferson turned to the book shelves and ran over the titles while the financier continued his business with the secretary.

"Now, Bagley. Come quick. What is it?"

He spoke in a rapid, explosive manner, like a man who has only a few moments to spare before he must rush to catch a train. John Ryder had been catching trains all his life, and he had seldom missed one.

"Governor Rice called. He wants an appointment," said Mr. Bagley, holding out a card.

"I can't see him. Tell him so," came the answer, quick as a flash. "Who else?" he demanded. "Where's your list?"

Mr. Bagley took from the desk a list of names and read them over.

"General Abbey telephoned. He says you promised——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ryder impatiently, "but not here. Down town, to-morrow, any time. Next?"

The secretary jotted down a note against each name and then said:

"There are some people down stairs in the reception room. They are here by appointment."

"Who are they?"

"The National Republican Committee and Sergeant Ellison of the Secret Service, from Washington," replied Mr. Bagley.

"Who was here first?" demanded the financier.

"Sergeant Ellison, sir."

"Then I'll see him first, and the committee afterwards. But let them all wait until I ring. I wish to speak with my son."

He waved his hand, and the secretary, knowing well from experience that this was a sign that there must be no further discussion, bowed respectfully and left the room. Jefferson turned and advanced towards his father, who held out his hand.

"Well, Jefferson," he said kindly, "did you have a good time abroad?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. Such a trip is a liberal education in itself."

"Ready for work again, eh? I'm glad you're back, Jefferson. I'm busy now, but one of these days I want to have a serious talk with you in regard to your future. This artist business is all very well—for a pastime. But it's not a career—surely you can appreciate that—for a young man with such prospects as yours. Have you ever stopped to think of that?"

Jefferson was silent. He did not want to displease his father; on the other hand, it was impossible to let things drift as they had been doing. There must be an understanding sooner or later. Why not now?

"The truth is, sir," he began timidly, "I'd like a little talk with you now, if you can spare the time."

Ryder, Sr., looked first at his watch and then at his son, who, ill at ease, sat nervously on the extreme edge of a chair. Then he said with a smile:

"Well, my boy, to be perfectly frank, I can't—but—I will. Come, what is it?" Then, as if to apologize for his previous abruptness, he added, "I've had a very busy day, Jeff."



What with Trans-Continental and Trans-Atlantic and Southern Pacific, and Wall Street, and rate bills, and Washington, I feel like Atlas shouldering the world."

"The world was n't intended for one pair of shoulders to carry, sir," rejoined Jefferson, calmly.

His father looked at him in amazement. It was something new to hear any one venturing to question or comment upon anything he said.

"Why not?" he demanded, when he had recovered from his surprise. "Julius Cæsar carried it. Napoleon carried it—to a certain extent. However, that's neither here nor there. What is it, boy?"

Unable to remain a moment inactive, he commenced to pick among the mass of papers on his desk, while Jefferson was thinking what to say. The last word his father uttered gave him a cue, and he blurted out protestingly:

"That's just it, sir. You forget that I'm no longer a boy. It's time to treat me as if I were a man."

Ryder, Sr., leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"A man at twenty-eight? That's an excellent joke. Do you know that a man doesn't get his horse sense till he's forty?"

"I want you to take me seriously," persisted Jefferson.

Mr. Ryder was not a patient man. His moments of good humor were of brief duration. Anything that savored of questioning his authority always angered him. The smile went out of his face and he retorted explosively:

"Go on—damn it all! Be serious if you want, only don't take so long about it. But understand one thing: I want no preaching, no philosophical or socialistic twaddle. No Tolstoi—he's a great thinker, and you're not. No Bernard Shaw—he's funny, and you're not. Now go ahead."

This beginning was not very encouraging, and Jefferson felt somewhat intimidated. But he realized that he might not have another such opportunity, so he plunged right in.

"I should have spoken to you before

if you had let me," he said. "I often——"

"If I had let you?" interrupted his father. "Do you expect me to sit and listen patiently to your wild theories of social reform? You asked me one day why the wages of the idle rich was wealth and the wages of hard work was poverty, and I told you that I worked harder in one day than a tunnel digger works in a lifetime. Thinking is a harder game than any. You must think or you won't know. Napoleon knew more about war than all his generals put together. I know more about money than any man living to-day. The man who knows is the man who wins. The man who takes advice is n't fit to give it. That's why I never take yours. Come, don't be a fool, Jeff—give up this art nonsense. Come back to the Trading Company. I'll make you vice-president, and I'll teach you the business of making millions."

Jefferson shook his head. It was hard to have to tell his own father that he did not think the million-making business quite a respectable one, so he only murmured:

"It's impossible, father. I am devoted to my work. I even intend to go away and travel a few years and see the world. It will help me considerably."

Ryder eyed his son in silence for a few moments; then he said gently:

"Don't be obstinate, Jeff. Listen to me. I know the world better than you do. You must n't go away. You are the only flesh and blood I have."

He stopped speaking for a moment, as if overcome by a sudden emotion over which he had no control. Jefferson remained silent, nervously toying with a paper-cutter. Seeing that his words had made no effect, Ryder thumped his desk with his fist and cried:

"You see my weakness. You see that I want you with me, and now you take advantage, you take advantage——"

"No, father, I don't," protested Jefferson; "but I want to go away. Although I have my studio and am practically independent, I want to go where I shall be perfectly free—where my every move will not be watched—

where I can meet my fellow-man heart to heart on an equal basis, where I shall not be pointed out as the son of Ready-Money Ryder; I want to make a reputation of my own as an artist."

"Why not study theology and become a preacher?" sneered Ryder. Then, more amiably, he said: "No, my lad, you stay here. Study my interests—study the interests that will be yours some day."

"No," said Jefferson doggedly, "I'd rather go—my work and my self-respect demand it."

"Then go, damn it, go!" cried his father in a burst of anger. "I'm a fool for wasting my time with an ungrateful son." He rose from his seat and began to pace the room.

"Father," exclaimed Jefferson, starting forward, "you do me an injustice."

"An injustice?" echoed Mr. Ryder, turning round. "Ye gods! I've given you the biggest name in the commercial world; the most colossal fortune ever accumulated by one man is waiting for you, and you say I've done you an injustice!"

"Yes—we are rich," said Jefferson bitterly. "But at what a cost! You do not go into the world and hear the sneers that I get everywhere. You may succeed in muzzling the newspapers and magazines, but you cannot silence public opinion. People laugh when they hear the name Ryder—when they do not weep. All your millions cannot purchase the world's respect. You try to throw millions to the public as a bone to a dog, and they decline the money on the ground that it is tainted. Does n't that tell you what the world thinks of your methods?"

Ryder laughed cynically. He went back to his desk, and, sitting facing his son, he replied:

"Jefferson, you are young. It is one of the symptoms of youth to worry about public opinion. When you are as old as I am you will understand that there is only one thing which counts in this world—money. The man who has it possesses power over the man who has it not, and power is what the ambitious man loves most."

He stopped to pick up a book. It was "The American Octopus." Turning again to his son, he went on:

"Do you see this book? It is the literary sensation of the year. Why? Because it attacks me—the richest man in the world. It holds me up as a monster, a tyrant, a man without soul, honor, or conscience, caring only for one thing—money; having but one passion—the love of power; and halting at nothing, not even at crime, to secure it. That is the portrait they draw of your father."

Jefferson said nothing. He was wondering if his sire had a suspicion who wrote it and was leading up to that. But Ryder, Sr., continued:

"Do I care? The more they attack me the more I like it. Their puny pen-pricks have about the same effect as mosquito-bites on the pachyderm. What I am, the conditions of my time made me. When I started in business, a humble clerk, forty years ago, I had but one goal—success; I had but one aim—to get rich. I was lucky. I made a little money, and I soon discovered that I could make more money by outwitting my competitors in the oil fields. Railroad conditions helped me. The whole country was money mad. A wave of commercial prosperity swept over the land and I was carried along on its crest. I grew enormously rich, my millions increasing by leaps and bounds. I branched out into other interests, successful always, until my holdings grew to what they are to-day—the wonder of the twentieth century. What do I care for the world's respect when my money makes the world my slave? What respect can I have for a people that cringe before money and let it rule them? Are you aware that not a factory wheel turns, not a vote is counted, not a judge is appointed, not a legislator seated, nor a president elected without my consent? I am the real ruler of the United States—not the so-called government at Washington. They are my puppets and this is my executive chamber. This power will be yours one day, boy, but you must know how to use it when it comes."

"I never want it, father," said Jefferson, firmly. "To me your words savor of treason. I could n't imagine that American talking that way." He pointed to the mantel, at the picture of George Washington.

Ryder, Sr., laughed. He could not help it if his son was an idealist. There was no use getting angry, so he merely shrugged his shoulders and said:

"All right, Jeff. We'll discuss the matter later, when you've cut your wisdom teeth. Just at present you're in the clouds. But you spoke of my doing you an injustice. How can my love of power do you an injustice?"

"Because," replied Jefferson, "you exert that power over your family as well as over your business associates. You think and will for everybody in the house, for every one who comes in contact with you. Yours is an influence no one seems able to resist. You robbed me of my right to think. Ever since I was old enough to think, you have thought for me; ever since I was old enough to choose, you have chosen for me. You have chosen that I should marry Kate Roberts. That is the one thing I wished to speak to you about. The marriage is impossible."

Ryder, Sr., half sprang from his seat. He had listened patiently, he thought, to all that his headstrong son had said, but that he should repudiate in this unceremonious fashion what was a tacit understanding between the two families, and, what was more, run the risk of injuring the Ryder interests—that was inconceivable. Leaving his desk, he advanced into the centre of the room, and folding his arms confronted Jefferson.

"So," he said sternly, "this is your latest act of rebellion, is it? You are going to welsh on your word? You are going to jilt the girl?"

"I never gave my word," answered Jefferson hotly. "Nor did Kate understand that an engagement existed. You can't expect me to marry a girl I don't care a straw about. It would not be fair to her."

"Have you stopped to think whether

it would be fair to me?" thundered his father.

His face was pale with anger, his jet-black eyes flashed, and his white hair seemed to bristle with rage. He paced the floor for a few moments, and then turning to Jefferson, who had not moved, he said more calmly:

"Don't be a fool, Jeff. I don't want to think for you, or to choose for you, or to marry for you. I did not interfere when you threw up the position I made for you in the Trading Company and took that studio. I realized that you were restless under the harness, so I gave you plenty of rein. But I know so much better than you what is best for you. Believe me, I do. Don't—don't be obstinate. This marriage means a great deal to my interests—to your interests. Kate's father is all-powerful in the Senate. He'll never forgive this disappointment. Hang it all, you liked the girl once, and I made sure that—"

He stopped suddenly, and the expression on his face changed as a new light dawned upon him.

"It is n't that Rossmore girl, is it?" he demanded. His face grew dark and his jaw clicked as he said between his teeth: "I told you some time ago how I felt about her. If I thought that it was Rossmore's daughter! You know what's going to happen to him, don't you?"

Thus appealed to, Jefferson thought this was the most favorable opportunity he would have to redeem his promise to Shirley. So, little anticipating the tempest he was about to unchain, he answered:

"I am familiar with the charges that they have trumped up against him. Needless to say, I consider him entirely innocent. What's more, I firmly believe he is the victim of a contemptible conspiracy. And I'm going to make it my business to find out who the plotters are. I came to ask you to help me. Will you?"

For a moment Ryder was speechless from utter astonishment. Then, as he realized the significance of his son's words and their application to himself, he completely lost control of himself.

His face became livid, and he brought his fist down on his desk with a force that shook the room.

"I will see him in hell first!" he cried. "Damn him! He has always opposed me. He has always defied my power, and now his daughter has entrapped my son. So it's her you want to go to, eh? Well, I can't make you marry a girl you don't want, but I can prevent you throwing yourself away on the daughter of a man who is about to be publicly disgraced, and, by God, I will!"

"Poor old Rossmore," said Jefferson bitterly. "If the history of every financial transaction were made known, how many of us would escape public disgrace? Would you?" he cried.

Ryder, Sr., rose, his hands working dangerously. He made a movement as if about to advance on his son, but by a supreme effort controlled himself.

"No, upon my word, it's no use disinheriting you; you would n't care. I think you'd be glad; on my soul, I do!" Then calming down once more, he added: "Jefferson, give me your word of honor that your object in going away is not to find out this girl and marry her unknown to me. I don't mind your losing your heart, but, damn it, don't lose your head. Give me your hand on it."

Jefferson reluctantly held out his hand.

"If I thought you would marry that girl unknown to me, I'd have Rossmore sent out of the country and the woman, too. Listen, boy. This man is my enemy, and I show no mercy to my enemies. There are more reasons than one why you cannot marry Miss Rossmore. If she knew one of them she would not marry you."

"What reasons?" demanded Jefferson.

"The principal one," said Ryder, slowly and deliberately, and eying his son keenly as if to judge of the effect of his words, "the principal one is that it was through my agents that the demand was made for her father's impeachment."

"Ah," cried Jefferson, "then I guessed aright! Oh, father, how could

you have done that? If you only knew him!"

Ryder had regained command of his temper, and now spoke calmly enough.

"Jefferson, I don't have to make any apologies to you for the way I conduct my business. The facts contained in the charges were brought to my attention. I did not see why I should spare him. He never spared me. I shall not interfere, and the probabilities are that he will be impeached. Senator Roberts said this afternoon that it was a certainty. You see yourself how impossible a marriage with Miss Rossmore would be, don't you?"

"Yes, father, I see now. I have nothing more to say."

"Do you still intend going away?"

"Yes," replied Jefferson bitterly. "Why not? You have taken away the only reason why I should stay."

"Think it well over, lad. Marry Kate or not, as you please, but I want you to stay here."

"It's no use. My mind is made up," answered Jefferson decisively.

The telephone rang, and Jefferson got up to go. Mr. Ryder took up the receiver.

"Hallo! What's that? Sergeant Ellison? Yes, send him up."

Putting the telephone down, Mr. Ryder rose, and crossing the room accompanied his son to the door.

"Think it well over, Jeff. Don't be hasty."

"I have thought it over, sir, and I have decided to go."

A few moments later Jefferson left the house.

Mr. Ryder went back to his desk and sat for a moment in deep thought. For the first time in his life he was face to face with defeat; for the first time he had encountered a will as strong as his own. He who could rule parliaments and dictate to governments now found himself powerless to rule his own son. At all costs, he mused, the boy's infatuation for Judge Rossmore's daughter must be checked, even if he had to blacken the girl's character as well as the father's, or, as a last resort, send the entire family out of the country. He had not lost sight of his



victim since the carefully prepared crash in Wall Street, and the sale of the Rossmore home following the bankruptcy of the Great Northwestern Mining Company. His agents had reported their settlement in the quiet little village on Long Island, and he had also learned of Miss Rossmore's arrival from Europe, which coincided strangely with the home-coming of his own son. He decided, therefore, to keep a closer watch on Massapequa now than ever, and that is why today's call of Sergeant Ellison, a noted sleuth in the government service, found so ready a welcome.

The door opened, and Mr. Bagley entered, followed by a tall, powerfully built man whose robust physique and cheap-looking clothes contrasted strangely with the delicate, ultra-fashionably attired English secretary.

"Take a seat, Sergeant," said Mr. Ryder, cordially motioning his visitor to a chair. The man sat down gingerly on one of the rich leather-upholstered chairs. His manner was nervous and awkward, as if intimidated in the presence of the financier.

"Are the Republican Committee still waiting?" demanded Mr. Ryder.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"I'll see them in a few minutes. Leave me with Sergeant Ellison."

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired.

"Well, Sergeant, what have you got to report?"

He opened a box of cigars that stood on the desk and held it out to the detective.

"Take a cigar," he said amiably.

The man took a cigar, and also the match which Mr. Ryder held out. The financier knew how to be cordial with those who could serve him.

"Thanks. This is a good one," smiled the sleuth, sniffing at the weed. "We don't often get a chance at such as these."

"It ought to be good," laughed Ryder. "They cost two dollars apiece."

The detective was so surprised at this unheard-of extravagance that he inhaled a puff of smoke which almost choked him. It was like burning money.

Ryder, with his customary bluntness, came right down to business.

"Well, what have you been doing about the book?" he demanded. "Have you found the author of 'The American Octopus'?"

"No, sir, I have not. I confess I'm baffled. The secret has been well kept. The publishers have shut up like a clam. There's only one thing that I'm pretty well sure of."

"What's that?" demanded Ryder, interested.

"That no such person as Shirley Green exists."

"Oh," exclaimed the financier, "then you think it is a mere *nom de plume*?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you think was the reason for preserving the anonymity?"

"Well, you see, sir, the book deals with a big subject. It gives some hard knocks, and the author, no doubt, felt a little timid about launching it under his or her real name. At least, that's my theory, sir."

"And a good one, no doubt," said Mr. Ryder. Then he added: "That makes me all the more anxious to find out who it is. I would willingly give this moment a check for \$5,000 to know who wrote it. Whoever it is knows me as well as I know myself. We must find the author."

The sleuth was silent for a moment. Then he said: "There might be one way to reach the author, but it will be successful only in the event of her being willing to be known and come out into the open. Suppose you write to her in care of the publishers. They would certainly forward the letter to wherever she may be. If she does not want you to know who she is she will ignore your letter and remain in the background. If, on the contrary, she has no fear of you, and is willing to meet you, she will answer the letter."

"Ah, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Ryder. "It's a good idea. I'll write such a letter at once. It shall go to-night."

He unhooked the telephone and asked Mr. Bagley to come up. A few



seconds later the secretary entered the room.

"Bagley," said Mr. Ryder, "I want you to write a letter for me to Miss Shirley Green, author of that book 'The American Octopus.' We will address it in care of Littleton & Co. Just say that if convenient I should like a personal interview with her at my office, No. 36 Broadway, in relation to her book, 'The American Octopus.' See that it is mailed to-night. That's all."

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired. Mr. Ryder turned to the secret service agent.

"There, that's settled. We'll see how it works. And now, Sergeant, I have another job for you, and if you are faithful to my interests you will not find me unappreciative. Do you know a little place on Long Island called Massapequa?"

"Yes," grinned the detective, "I know it. They've got some fine specimens of 'skeeters' there."

Paying no attention to this jocular-ity, Mr. Ryder continued:

"Judge Rossmore is living there—pending the outcome of his case in the Senate. His daughter has just arrived from Europe. My son Jefferson came home on the same ship. They are a little more friendly than I care to have them. You understand. I want to know if my son visits the Rossmores, and if he does, I wish to be kept informed of all that's going on. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir. You shall know everything."

Mr. Ryder took a blank check from his desk and proceeded to fill it up. Then handing it to the detective, he said:

"Here is \$500 for you. Spare neither trouble nor expense."

"Thank you, sir," said the man as he pocketed the money. "Leave it to me."

"That's about all, I think. Regarding the other matter, we'll see how the letter works."

He touched a bell and rose, which was a signal to the visitor that the interview was at an end. Mr. Bagley entered.

"Sergeant Ellison is going," said Mr. Ryder. "Have him shown out, and send the Republican Committee up."

X

"What!" exclaimed Shirley, changing color, "you believe that John Burkett Ryder is at the bottom of this infamous accusation against father?"

It was the day following her arrival at Massapequa, and Shirley, the judge, and Stott were all three sitting on the porch. Until now, by common consent, any mention of the impeachment proceedings had been avoided by every one. The previous afternoon and evening had been spent listening to an account of Shirley's experiences in Europe, and a smile had flitted across even the judge's careworn face as his daughter gave a humorous description of the picturesque Paris students with their long hair and peg-top trousers, while Stott simply roared with laughter. Ah, it was good to laugh again after so much trouble and anxiety! But while Shirley avoided the topic that lay nearest her heart, she was consumed with a desire to tell her father of the hope she had of enlisting the aid of John Burkett Ryder. The great financier was certainly able to do anything he chose, and had not his son Jefferson promised to win him over to their cause? So, to-day, after Mrs. Rossmore and her sister had gone down to the village to make some purchases, Shirley timidly broached the matter. She asked Stott and her father to tell her everything, to hold back nothing. She wanted to hear the worst.

Stott, therefore, started to review the whole affair from the beginning, explaining how her father in his capacity as judge of the Supreme Court had to render decisions, several of which were adverse to the corporate interests of a number of rich men, and how since that time these powerful interests had used all their influence to get him put off the bench. He told her about the Transcontinental case and how the judge had got mysteri-

ously tangled up in the Great Northern Mining Company, and of the scandalous newspaper rumors, followed by the news of the Congressional inquiry. Then he told her about the panic in Wall Street, the sale of the house on Madison Avenue, and the removal to Long Island.

"That is the situation," said Stott when he had finished. "We are waiting now to see what the Senate will do. We hope for the best. It seems impossible that the Senate will condemn a man whose whole life is like an open book, but unfortunately the Senate is strongly Republican, and the big interests are in complete control. Unless support comes from some unexpected quarter we must be prepared for anything."

Support from some unexpected quarter! Stott's closing words rang in Shirley's head. Was that not just what she had to offer? Unable to restrain herself longer, and her heart beating tumultuously from suppressed emotion, she cried:

"We'll have that support! We'll have it! I've got it already! I wanted to surprise you! Father, the most powerful man in the United States will save you from being dishonored!"

The two men leaned forward in eager interest. What could the girl mean? Was she serious or merely jesting?

But Shirley was never more serious in her life. She was jubilant at the thought that she had arrived home in time to invoke the aid of this powerful ally. She repeated enthusiastically:

"We need not worry any more. He has but to say a word and these proceedings will be instantly dropped. They would not dare act against his veto. Did you hear, father, your case is as good as won!"

"What do you mean, child? Who is this unknown friend?"

"Surely you can guess when I say the most powerful man in the United States? None other than John Burkett Ryder!"

She stopped short to watch the effect which this name would have on

her hearers. But to her surprise neither her father nor Stott displayed the slightest emotion or even interest. Puzzled at this cold reception she repeated:

"Did you hear, father?—John Burkett Ryder will come to your assistance. I came home on the same ship as his son, and he promised to secure his father's aid."

The judge puffed heavily at his pipe and merely shook his head, making no reply. Stott explained:

"We can't look for help from that quarter, Shirley. You don't expect a man to cut loose his own kite, do you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Shirley, mystified.

"Simply this—that John Burkett Ryder is the very man who is responsible for all your father's misfortunes."

The girl sank back in her seat pale and motionless. Was it possible? Could Jefferson's father have done them such a wrong as this? She well knew that he was a man who would stop at nothing to accomplish his purpose—this she had demonstrated conclusively in her book—but she had never dreamed that his hand would be directed against her own flesh and blood. Decidedly some fatality was causing Jefferson and herself to drift further and further apart. First, her father's trouble. That alone would naturally have separated them. And now this discovery that Jefferson's father had done hers this wrong. All idea of marriage was henceforth out of the question. That was irrevocable. Of course, she could not hold Jefferson to blame for methods which he himself abhorred. She would always think as much of him as ever, but whether her father emerged safely from the trial in the Senate or not—no matter what the outcome of the impeachment proceedings might be—Jefferson could never be anything else than a Ryder, and from now on there would be an impassable gulf between the Rossmores and the Ryders. The dove does not mate with the hawk.

"Do you really believe this, that John Ryder deliberately concocted the bribery charge with the sole purpose of

ruining my father?" demanded Shirley when she had somewhat recovered.

"There is no other solution of the mystery possible," answered Stott. "The trusts found they could not fight him in the open, in a fair, honest way, so they plotted in the dark. Ryder was the man who had most to lose by your father's honesty on the bench. Ryder was the man he hit the hardest when he enjoined his Transcontinental Railroad. Ryder, I am convinced, is the chief conspirator."

"But can such things be in a civilized community?" cried Shirley indignantly. "Cannot he be exposed? Won't the press take the matter up? Cannot we show conspiracy?"

"It sounds easy, but it is n't," replied Stott. "I have had a heap of experience with the law, my child, and I know what I'm talking about. They're too clever to be caught tripping. They've covered their tracks well, be sure of that. As to the newspapers—when did you ever hear of them championing a man when he's down?"

"And you, father—do you believe Ryder did this?"

"I have no longer any doubt of it," answered the judge. "I think John Ryder would see me dead before he would raise a finger to help me. His answer to my demand for my letters convinced me that he was the arch plotter."

"What letters do you refer to?" demanded Shirley.

"The letters I wrote to him in regard to my making an investment. He advised the purchase of certain stock. I wrote him two letters at the time, which letters if I had them now would go a long way to clearing me of this charge of bribery, for they plainly showed that I regarded the transaction as a *bona fide* investment. Since this trouble began I wrote to Ryder asking him to return me these letters so I might use them in my defence. The only reply I got was an insolent note from his secretary saying that Mr. Ryder had forgotten all about the transaction, and in any case had not the letters I referred to."

"Could n't you compel him to return them?" asked Shirley.

"We could never get at him," interrupted Stott. "The man is guarded as carefully as the Czar."

"Still," objected Shirley, "it is possible that he may have lost the letters, or even never received them."

"Oh, he has them safe enough," replied Stott. "A man like Ryder keeps every scrap of paper, with the idea that it may prove useful some day. The letters are safe somewhere in his desk. Besides, after the Transcontinental decision he was heard to say that he'd have Judge Rossmore off the bench inside of a year."

"And it was n't a vain boast—he's done it," muttered the judge.

Shirley relapsed into silence. Her brain was in a whirl. It was true, then. This merciless man of money, this ogre of monopolistic corporations, this human juggernaut, had crushed her father merely because the judge's honesty interfered with his shady business deals! Ah, why had she spared him in her book! She felt now that she had been too lenient. Such a man was entitled to no mercy. Yes, it was all clear enough now. John Burkett Ryder, the head of the "System," the plutocrat whose fabulous fortune gave him absolute control over the entire country, which invested him with a personal power greater than that of any king, this was the man who now dared attack the judiciary, the cornerstone of the Constitution, the one safeguard of the people's liberty.

Where would it end? How long would the nation tolerate being thus ruthlessly trodden under the unclean heels of an insolent oligarchy? The capitalists, banded together for the sole purpose of pillage and loot, had already succeeded in enslaving the toiler. The appalling degradation of the working classes, the sordidness and demoralizing squalor in which they passed their lives, the curse of drink, the provocation to crime, the shame of the sweat shops—all which evils in our social system she had seen as a settlement worker—were directly traceable to centralized wealth. The labor unions regu-

lated wages and hours, but they were powerless to control the prices of the necessities of life. The trusts could at pleasure create famine or plenty. They usually willed to make it famine, so they themselves might acquire more millions with which to pay for marble palaces, fast motor-cars, ocean-going yachts, and expensive establishments at Newport. Food was ever dearer and of poorer quality, clothes cost more, rents and taxes were higher. She thought of the horrors in the packing-houses at Chicago, recently made the subject of a sensational government report—putrid, pestiferous meats put up for human food amid conditions of unspeakable foulness, freely exposed to deadly germs from the expectorations of work people suffering from tuberculosis, in unsanitary rotten buildings soaked through with blood and every conceivable form of filth and decay, the beef barons careless and indifferent to the dictates of common decency so long as they could make more money. And while our public gasped in disgust at the sickening revelations of the beef scandal, and foreign countries quickly cancelled their contracts for American prepared meats, the millionaire packer, insolent in the possession of wealth stolen from a poisoned public, impudently appeared in public in his touring-car, with head erect and self-satisfied, wholly indifferent to his shame.

These and other evidences of the plutocracy's cruel grip upon the nation had ended by exasperating the public. There must be a limit somewhere to the turpitudes of a degenerate class of *nouveaux riches*. The day of reckoning was fast approaching for the grafters, and among the first to taste the vengeance of the people would be the Colossus. But while waiting for the people to rise in their righteous wrath Ryder was all-powerful, and if it were true that he had instituted these impeachment proceedings her father had little chance. What could be done? They could not sit and wait, as Stott had said, for the action of the Senate. If it were true that Ryder controlled the Senate as he controlled

everything else her father was doomed. No, they must find some other way.

And long after the judge and Stott had left for the city Shirley sat alone on the porch engrossed in thought, taxing her brain to find some way out of the darkness. And when presently her mother and aunt returned they found her still sitting there, silent and preoccupied. If they only had those two letters! she thought. They alone might save her father. But how could they be got at? Mr. Ryder had put them safely away, no doubt. He would not give them up. She wondered how it would be to go boldly to him and appeal to whatever sense of honor and fairness might be lying latent within him. No, such a man would not know what the terms "honor," "fairness," meant. She pondered upon it all day, and at night when she went tired to bed it was her last thought as she dropped off to sleep.

The following morning broke clear and fine. It was one of those glorious, ideal days of which we get perhaps half a dozen during the whole summer, days when the air is cool and bracing, champagne-like in its exhilarating effect, and when Nature dons her brightest dress, when the atmosphere is purer, the grass greener, the sky bluer, the flowers sweeter, and the birds sing in more joyous chorus, when all creation seems in tune,—days that make living worth while, when one can forget the ugliness, the selfishness, the empty glitter of the man-made city, and walk erect and buoyant in the open country as in the garden of God.

Shirley went out for a long walk. She preferred to go alone so she would not have to talk. Hers was one of those lonely, introspective natures that resent the intrusion of aimless chatter when preoccupied with serious thoughts. Long Island was unknown territory to her and it all looked very flat and uninteresting, but she loved the country and found keen delight in the fresh, pure air and the sweet scent of new-mown hay wafted from the surrounding fields. In her soft, loose-fitting linen dress, her white canvas



shoes, garden hat trimmed with red roses, and lace parasol, she made an attractive picture, and every passer-by—with the exception of one old farmer and he was half blind—turned to look at this good-looking girl, a stranger in those parts, and whose stylish appearance suggested Fifth Avenue rather than the commonplace purlieus of Massapequa.

Every now and then Shirley espied in the distance the figure of a man which she thought she recognized as Jefferson's. Had he come, after all? The blood went coursing tumultuously through her veins, only a moment later to leave her face a shade paler as the man came nearer and she saw he was a stranger. She wondered what he was doing, if he gave her a thought, if he had spoken to his father, and what the latter had said. She could realize now what Mr. Ryder's reply had been. Then she wondered what her future life would be. She could do nothing, of course, until the Senate had passed upon her father's case, but it was imperative that she get to work. In a day or two, she would call on her publishers and learn how her book was selling. She might get other commissions. If she could not make enough money in literary work she would have to teach. It was a dreary outlook at best, and she sighed as she thought of the ambitions that had once stirred her breast. All the brightness seemed to have gone out of her life, her father disgraced, Jefferson now practically lost to her—only her work remained.

As she neared the cottage on her return home she caught sight of the letter-carrier approaching the gate. Instantly she thought of Jefferson, and she hurried to intercept the man. Perhaps he had written instead of coming.

"Miss Shirley Rossmore?" said the man eying her interrogatively.

"That's I," said Shirley.

The postman handed her a letter and passed on. Shirley glanced quickly at the superscription. No, it was not from Jefferson; she knew his handwriting too well. The envelope, moreover, bore the firm name of her publishers.

She tore it open and found that it merely contained another letter which the publishers had forwarded. This was addressed to Miss Shirley Green, and ran as follows:

*Dear Madam.*—If convenient, I should like to see you at my office, No. 36 Broadway, in relation to your book "The American Octopus." Kindly inform me as to the day and hour at which I may expect you.

Yours truly,

JOHN BURKETT RYDER,

per B.

Shirley almost shouted from sheer excitement. At first she was alarmed—the name John Burkett Ryder was such a bogey to frighten bad children with, she thought he might want to punish her for writing about him as she had. She hurried to the porch and sat there reading the letter over and over, and her brain began to evolve with ideas. She had been wondering how she could get at Mr. Ryder and here he was actually asking her to call on him. Evidently he had not the slightest idea of her identity, for he had been able to reach her only through her publishers, and no doubt he had exhausted every other means of discovering her address. The more she pondered over it the more she began to see in this invitation a way of helping her father. Yes, she would go and beard the lion in his den, but she would not go to his office. She would accept the invitation only on condition that the interview took place in the Ryder mansion where undoubtedly the letters would be found. She decided to act immediately. No time was to be lost, so she procured a sheet of paper and an envelope and wrote as follows:

MR. JOHN BURKETT RYDER:

*Dear Sir.*—I do not call upon gentlemen at their business offices.

Yours, etc.,

SHIRLEY GREEN.

Her letter was abrupt and at first glance seemed hardly calculated to bring about what she wanted—an invitation to call at the Ryder home; but she was shrewd enough to see that



if Ryder wrote to her at all it was because he was most anxious to see her, and her abruptness would not deter him from trying again. On the contrary, the very unusualness of any one thus dictating to him would make him more than ever desirous of making her acquaintance. So Shirley mailed the letter and waited with confidence for Ryder's reply. So certain was she of its coming that she at once began to form her plan of action. She would leave Massapequa at once, and her whereabouts must remain a secret even from her own family. As she intended to go to the Ryder house in the assumed character of Shirley Green, it would never do to run the risk of being followed home by a Ryder detective to the Rossmore cottage. She would confide in one person only—Judge Stott. He would know where she was and would be in constant communication with her. But, otherwise, she must be alone to conduct the campaign as she judged fit. She would go at once to New York and take rooms in a boarding-house where she would be known as Shirley Green. As for funds to meet her expenses, she had her diamonds, and would they not be to defray the cost of saving her father filling a more useful purpose if sold than in mere personal adornment? So that evening, while her mother was talking with the judge, she beckoned Stott over to the corner where she was sitting:

"Judge Stott," she began, "I have a plan."

He smiled indulgently at her.

"Another friend like that of yesterday?" he asked.

"No," replied the girl, "listen. I am in earnest now and I want you to help me. You said that no one on earth could resist John Burkett Ryder, that no one could fight against the Money Power. Well, do you know what I am going to do?"

There was a quiver in her voice and her nostrils dilated like those of a thoroughbred eager to race. She had risen from her seat and stood facing him, her fists clenched, her face set and determined. Stott had never seen her

in this mood and he gazed at her half admiringly, half curiously.

"What will you do?" he asked with a slightly ironical inflection in his voice.

"I am going to fight John Burkett Ryder!" she cried.

Stott looked at her open-mouthed.

"You?" he said.

"Yes, I," said Shirley. "I'm going to him, and I intend to get those letters if he has them."

Stott shook his head.

"My dear child," he said, "what are you talking about? How can you expect to reach Ryder? We could n't."

"I don't know just how yet," replied Shirley, "but I'm going to try. I love my father and I'm going to leave nothing untried to save him."

"But what can you do?" persisted Stott; "the matter has been sifted over and over again by some of the greatest minds in the country."

"Has any woman sifted it?" demanded Shirley.

"No, but—" stammered Stott.

"Then it's about time one did," said the girl decisively. "Those letters my father speaks of—they would be useful, would they not?"

"They would be invaluable."

"Then I'll get them. If not—"

"But I don't understand how you're going to get at Ryder," interrupted Stott.

"This is how," replied Shirley, passing over to him the letter she had received that afternoon.

As Stott recognized the well-known signature and read the contents the expression of his face changed. He gasped for breath and sank into a chair from sheer astonishment.

"Ah, that's different!" he cried; "that's different!"

Briefly Shirley outlined her plan, explaining that she would go to live in the city immediately and conduct her campaign from there. If she were successful it might save her father, and if not no harm could come of it.

Stott demurred at first. He did not wish to bear alone the responsibility of such an adventure. There was no knowing what might happen to her,

visiting a strange house under an assumed name. But when he saw how thoroughly in earnest she was and that she was ready to proceed without him he capitulated. He agreed that she might be able to find the missing letters or, if not that, she might make some impression on Ryder himself. She could show interest in the judge's case as a disinterested outsider and so might win his sympathies. From being a sceptic, Stott now became enthusiastic. He promised to co-operate in every way, and to keep Shirley's whereabouts an absolute secret. The girl, therefore, began to make her preparations for departure from home by telling her parents that she had accepted an invitation to spend a week or two with an old college chum in New York.

That same evening her mother, the judge, and Stott went for a stroll after dinner and left her to take care of the house. They had wanted Shirley to go, too, but she pleaded fatigue. The truth was that she wanted to be alone so she could ponder undisturbed over her plans. It was a clear, starlit night, with no moon, and Shirley sat on the porch listening to the chirping of the crickets and idly watching the flashes of the mysterious fireflies. She was in no mood for reading and sat for a long time rocking herself engrossed in her thoughts. Suddenly she heard some one unfasten the garden gate. It was too soon for the return of the promenaders; it must be a visitor. Through the uncertain penumbra of the garden she discerned approaching a form which looked familiar. Yes, now there was no doubt possible. It was, indeed, Jefferson Ryder.

She hurried down the porch to greet him. No matter what the father had done she could never think any the less of the son. He took her hand and for several moments neither one spoke. There are times when silence is more eloquent than speech, and this was one of them. The gentle grip of his big, strong hand expressed more tenderly than any words the sympathy that lay in his heart for the woman he loved. Shirley said quietly:

"You have come at last, Jefferson."

"I came as soon as I could," he replied gently. "I saw father only yesterday."

"You need not tell me what he said," Shirley hastened to say.

Jefferson made no reply. He understood what she meant. He hung his head and hit viciously with his walking-stick at the pebbles that lay at his feet. She went on:

"I know everything now. It was foolish of me to think that Mr. Ryder would ever help us."

"I can't help it in any way," blurted out Jefferson. "I have not the slightest influence over him. His business methods I consider disgraceful—you understand that, don't you, Shirley?"

The girl laid her hand on his arm and replied kindly:

"Of course, Jeff, we know that. Come up and sit down."

He followed her on the porch and drew up a rocking-chair beside her.

"They are all out for a walk," she explained.

"I'm glad," he said frankly. "I wanted a quiet talk with you. I did not care to meet anyone. My name must be odious to your people."

Both were silent, feeling a certain awkwardness. They seemed to have drifted apart in some way since those delightful days in Paris and on the ship. Then he said:

"I'm going away, but I could n't go until I saw you."

"You are going away?" exclaimed Shirley, surprised.

"Yes," he said, "I cannot stand it any more at home. I had a hot talk with my father yesterday about one thing and another. He and I don't hit it off, somehow. Besides, this matter of your father's impeachment has completely discouraged me. All the wealth in the world could never reconcile me to such methods! I'm ashamed of the rôle my own flesh and blood has played in that miserable affair. I can't express what I feel about it."

"Yes," said Shirley, "it is hard to

believe that you are the son of that man!"

"How is your father?" inquired Jefferson. "How does he take it?"

"Oh, his heart beats and he can hear and see and speak," replied Shirley sadly, "but he is only a shadow of what he once was. If the trial goes against him, I don't think he'll survive it."

"It is monstrous!" cried Jefferson. "To think that my father should be responsible for this thing!"

"We are still hoping for the best," added Shirley, "though the outlook is dark."

"But what are you going to do?" he asked. "These surroundings are not for you—" He looked at the cheap furnishings which he could see through the open window and his face showed real concern.

"I shall teach or write, or go out as a governess," replied Shirley with a tinge of bitterness. Then smiling sadly she added: "Poverty is easy; it is unmerited disgrace which is hard."

The young man drew his chair closer and took hold of the hand that lay in her lap. She made no resistance.

"Shirley," he said, "do you remember that talk we had on the ship? I asked you to be my wife. You led me to believe that you were not indifferent to me. I ask you again to marry me. Give me the right to take care of you and yours. I am the son of the world's richest man, but I don't want his money. I have earned a competence of my own—enough to live on comfortably. We will go away where you and your father and mother will make their home with us. Do not let the sins of the fathers embitter the lives of the children."

"Mine has not sinned," said Shirley bitterly.

"I wish I could say the same of mine," replied Jefferson. "It is because the clouds are dark about you that I want to come into your life to comfort you."

The girl shook her head.

"No, Jefferson, the circumstances make such a marriage impossible. Your family and everybody else would

say that I had inveigled you into it. It is even more impossible now than I thought it was when I spoke to you on the ship. Then I was worried about my father's trouble and could give no thought to anything else. Now it is different. Your father's action has made our union impossible forever. I thank you for the honor you have done me. I do like you. I like you well enough to be your wife, but I will not accept this sacrifice on your part. Your offer, coming at such a critical time, is dictated only by your noble, generous nature, by your sympathy for our misfortune. Afterwards, you might regret it. If my father were convicted and driven from the bench and you found you had married the daughter of a disgraced man you would be ashamed of us all, and if I saw that it would break my heart."

Emotion stopped her utterance and she buried her face in her hands, weeping silently.

"Shirley," said Jefferson gently, "you are wrong. I love you for yourself, not because of your trouble. You know that. I shall never love any other woman but you. If you will not say 'Yes' now, I shall go away as I told my father I would, and one day I shall come back, and then if you are still single I shall ask you again to be my wife."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I shall travel for a year and then, may be, I shall stay a couple of years in Paris, studying at the Beaux Arts. Then I may go to Rome. If I am to do anything worth while in the career I have chosen I must have that European training."

"Paris! Rome!" echoed Shirley. "How I envy you! Yes, you are right. Get away from this country where the only topic, the only thought is money, where the only incentive to work is dollars. Go where there are still some ideals, where you can breathe the atmosphere of culture and art."

Forgetting momentarily her own troubles, Shirley chatted on about life in the art centres of Europe, advised Jefferson where to go, with whom to

study. She knew people in Paris, Rome, and Munich, and she would give him letters to them. Only, if he wanted to perfect himself in the languages, he ought to avoid Americans and cultivate the natives. Then, who could tell? if he worked hard and was lucky, he might have something exhibited at the Salon and return to America a famous painter.

"If I do," smiled Jefferson, "you shall be the first to congratulate me. I shall come and ask you to be my wife. May I?" he added.

Shirley smiled gravely.

"Get famous first. You may not want me then."

"I shall always want you," he whispered hoarsely, bending over her. In the dim light of the porch he saw that her tear-stained face was drawn and pale. He rose and held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said simply.

"Good-bye, Jefferson." She rose and put her hand in his. "We shall always be friends. I, too, am going away."

"You going away—where to?" he asked, surprised.

"I have work to do in connection with my father's case," she said.

"You?" said Jefferson, puzzled. "You have work to do—what work?"

"I can't say what it is, Jefferson. There are good reasons why I can't. You must take my word for it that it is urgent and important work." Then she added: "You go your way, Jefferson; I will go mine. It was not our destiny to belong to each other. You will become famous as an artist. And I—"

"And you—" echoed Jefferson.

"I—I shall devote my life to my father. It's no use, Jefferson—really—I've thought it all out. You must not come back to me—you understand. We must be alone with our grief—father and I. Good-bye."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"Good-bye, Shirley. Don't forget me. I shall come back for you."

He went down the porch and she watched him go out of the gate and down the road until she could see his figure no longer. Then she turned back and sank into her chair and bury-

ing her face in her handkerchief she gave way to a torrent of tears which afforded some relief to the weight on her heart. Presently the others returned from their walk and she told them about the visitor.

"Mr. Ryder's son, Jefferson, was here. We crossed on the same ship. I introduced him to Judge Stott on the dock."

The judge looked surprised, but he merely said:

"I hope for his sake that he is a different man from his father."

"He is," replied Shirley simply, and nothing more was said.

Two days went by, during which Shirley went on completing the preparations for her visit to New York. It was arranged that Stott should escort her to the city. Shortly before they started for the train a letter arrived for Shirley. Like the first one, it had been forwarded by her publishers. It read as follows:

MISS SHIRLEY GREEN:

*Dear Madam.*—I shall be happy to see you at my residence in the afternoon of any day that you may name.

Yours very truly,

JOHN BURKETT RYDER,  
per B.

Shirley smiled in triumph as, unseen by her father and mother, she passed it over to Stott. She at once sat down and wrote this reply:

MR. JOHN BURKETT RYDER:

*Dear Sir.*—I am sorry that I am unable to comply with your request. The invitation to call at your house should come from Mrs. Ryder.

Yours, etc.

SHIRLEY GREEN.

She laughed as she showed this to Stott:

"He'll write me again," she said, "and next time his wife will sign the letter."

An hour later she left Massapequa for the city.

## XI

The Hon. Fitzroy Bagley had every reason to feel satisfied with himself. His *affaire de cœur* with the Sena-



tor's daughter was progressing more smoothly than ever, and nothing now seemed likely to interfere with his carefully prepared plans to capture an American heiress. The interview with Kate Roberts in the library, so awkwardly disturbed by Jefferson's unexpected intrusion, had been followed by other interviews more secret and more successful, and the plausible secretary had contrived so well to persuade the girl that he really thought the world of her, and that a brilliant future awaited her as his wife, that it was not long before he found her in a mood to refuse him nothing.

Bagley urged immediate marriage; he insinuated that Jefferson had treated her shamefully and that she owed it to herself to show the world that there were other men as good as the one who had jilted her. He argued that in view of the Senator being bent on the match with Ryder's son it would be worse than useless for him, Bagley, to make formal application for her hand, so, as he explained, the only thing which remained was a runaway marriage. Confronted with the *fait accompli*, papa Roberts would bow to the inevitable. They could get married quietly in town, go away for a short trip, and when the Senator had gotten over his first disappointment they would be welcomed back with open arms.

Kate listened willingly enough to this specious reasoning. In her heart she was piqued at Jefferson's indifference, and she was foolish enough to really believe that this marriage with a British nobleman, twice removed, would be in the nature of a triumph over him. Besides, this project of an elopement appealed strangely to her frivolous imagination; it put her in the same class as all her favorite novel heroines. And it would be capital fun!

Meantime, Senator Roberts, in blissful ignorance of this little plot against his domestic peace, was growing impatient, and he approached his friend Ryder once more on the subject of his son Jefferson. The young man, he said, had been back from Europe some

time. He insisted on knowing what his attitude was towards his daughter. If they were engaged to be married he said there should be a public announcement of the fact. It was unfair to him and a slight to his daughter to let matters hang fire in this unsatisfactory way, and he hinted that both himself and his daughter might demand their passports from the Ryder mansion unless some explanation were forthcoming.

Ryder was in a quandary. He had no wish to quarrel with his useful Washington ally; he recognized the reasonableness of his complaint. Yet what could he do? Much as he himself desired the marriage, his son was obstinate and showed little inclination to settle down. He even hinted at attractions in another quarter. He did not tell the Senator of his recent interview with his son when the latter made it very plain that the marriage could never take place. Ryder, Sr., had his own reasons for wishing to temporize. It was quite possible that Jefferson might change his mind and abandon his idea of going abroad, and he suggested to the Senator that perhaps if he, the Senator, made the engagement public through the newspapers it might have the salutary effect of forcing his son's hand.

So a few mornings later there appeared among the society notes in several of the New York papers this paragraph:

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine Roberts, only daughter of Senator Roberts of Wisconsin, to Jefferson Ryder, son of Mr. John Burkett Ryder.

Two persons in New York happened to see the item about the same time and both were equally interested, although it affected them in a different manner. One was Shirley Rossmore, who had chanced to pick up the newspaper at the breakfast-table in her boarding-house.

"So soon?" she murmured to herself. Well, why not. She could not blame Jefferson. He had often spoken to her of this match arranged by his father, and they had laughed over it as



a typical marriage of convenience modelled on the Continental pattern. Jefferson, she knew, had never cared for the girl nor taken the affair seriously. Some powerful influences must have been at work to make him surrender so easily. Here again she recognized the masterly hand of his father, and more than ever she was eager to meet this extraordinary man and measure her strength with his. Her mind, indeed, was too full of her father's troubles to grieve over her own however much she might have been inclined to do so under other circumstances, and all that day she did her best to banish the paragraph from her thoughts. More than a week had passed since she left Massapequa, and what with corresponding with financiers, calling on editors and publishers, every moment of her time had been kept busy. She had found a quiet boarding-house off Washington Square and here Stott had called several times to see her. Her correspondence with Mr. Ryder had now reached a phase when it was impossible to invent any further excuses for delaying the interview asked for. As she had foreseen, a day or two after her arrival in town she had received a note from Mrs. Ryder asking her to do her the honor to call and see her, and Shirley, after waiting another two days, had replied making an appointment for the following day at three o'clock. This was the same day on which the paragraph concerning the Ryder-Roberts engagement appeared in the society chronicles of the metropolis.

Directly after the meagre meal which in New York boarding-houses is dignified by the name of luncheon, Shirley proceeded to get ready for this portentous visit to the Ryder mansion. She was anxious to make a favorable impression on the financier, so she took some pains with her personal appearance. She always looked stylish, no matter what she wore, and her poverty was of too recent date to make much difference to her wardrobe, which was still well supplied with Paris-made gowns. She selected a simple close-fitting gown of gray chiffon cloth and

a picture-hat of Leghorn straw heaped with red roses, Shirley's favorite flower. Thus arrayed, she sallied forth—a little gray mouse to do battle with the formidable lion.

The sky was threatening, so instead of walking a short way up Fifth Avenue for exercise, as she had intended doing, she cut across town through Ninth Street, and took the surface car in Fourth Avenue. This would take her to Madison Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street, which was only a block from the Ryder residence. She looked so pretty and was so well dressed that the passers-by who looked after her wondered why she did not take a cab instead of standing on a street corner for a car. But one's outward appearance is not always a faithful index to the condition of one's pocket-book, and Shirley was rapidly acquiring the art of economy.

It was not without a certain trepidation that she began this journey. So far, all her plans had been based largely on theory, but now that she was actually on her way to Mr. Ryder all sorts of misgivings beset her. Suppose he knew her by sight, and, roughly accusing her of obtaining access to his house under false pretences, should have her ejected by the servants? Even if he did not, how could she possibly find those letters with him in the room, and in the brief time of a conventional afternoon call? It had been an absurd idea from the first. Stott was right; she saw that now. But she had entered upon it and she was not going to confess herself beaten until she had tried. And as the car sped along Madison Avenue, gradually drawing nearer to the house which she was going to enter, disguised, as it were, like a burglar, cold chills ran up and down her spine. In fact, she felt so nervous and frightened that if she had not been ashamed of her timidity she would have turned back. In about twenty minutes the car stopped at the corner of Seventy-fourth Street. Shirley descended and with a quickened pulse walked towards the Ryder mansion, which she knew well by sight.

There was one other person in New

York who, that morning, had read the newspaper item regarding the Ryder-Roberts betrothal, but did not take it so calmly as Shirley had done. On the contrary, it had the effect of putting him into a violent rage. This was Jefferson. He was working in his studio when he read it, and five minutes later he was tearing up-town to seek the author of it. He understood its object, of course; they wanted to force his hand, to shame him into this marriage, to so entangle him with the girl that no other alternative would be possible to an honorable man. It was a despicable trick and he had no doubt that his father was at the back of it. So his mind now was fully made up. He would go away at once where they could not make his life a burden with this odious marriage which was fast becoming a nightmare to him. He would close up his studio and leave immediately for Europe. He would show his father once for all that he was a man and expected to be treated as one.

He wondered what Shirley was doing. Where had she gone? what was this mysterious work of which she had spoken? He only realized now, when she seemed entirely beyond his reach, how much he loved her and how empty his life would be without her. He would know no happiness until she was his wife. Her words on the porch did not discourage him. Under the circumstances he could not expect her to have said anything else. She could not marry into John Ryder's family with such a charge hanging over her own father's head, but later, when the trial was over, no matter how it turned out, he would go to her again and ask her to be his wife.

On arriving home the first person he saw was the ubiquitous Mr. Bagley, who stood at the top of the first staircase giving some letters to the butler. Jefferson cornered him at once, holding out the newspaper containing the offending paragraph.

"Say, Bagley," he cried, "what does this mean? Is this of your doing?"

The English secretary gave his employer's son a haughty stare, and then,

without deigning to reply or even to glance at the newspaper, continued his instructions to the servant:

"Here, Jorkins, get stamps for all these letters and see they are mailed at once. They are very important."

"Very good, sir."

The man took the letters and disappeared, while Jefferson, impatient, repeated his question:

"My doing?" sneered Mr. Bagley.

"Really, Jefferson, you go too far! Do you suppose for one instant that I would condescend to trouble myself with your affairs?"

Jefferson was in no mood to put up with insolence from any one, especially from a man whom he heartily despised, so, advancing menacingly, he thundered:

"I mean—were you, in the discharge of your menial-like duties, instructed by my father to send that paragraph to the newspapers regarding my alleged betrothal to Miss Roberts? Yes or No?"

The man winced and took a step backward. There was a gleam in the Ryder eye which he knew by experience boded no good.

"Really, Jefferson," he said in a more conciliatory tone, "I know absolutely nothing about the paragraph. This is the first I have heard of it. Why not ask your father?"

"I will," replied Jefferson grimly.

He was turning to go to the library when Bagley stopped him.

"You cannot possibly see him now," he said. "Sergeant Ellison of the Secret Service is in there with him, and your father told me not to disturb him on any account. He has another appointment at three o'clock, with some woman who writes books."

Seeing that the fellow was in earnest, Jefferson did not insist. He could see his father a little later or send him a message through his mother. Proceeding up-stairs he found Mrs. Ryder in her room, and in a few energetic words he explained the situation to his mother. They had gone too far with this match-making business, he said; his father was trying to interfere with his personal liberty and he was going

to put a stop to it. He would leave at once for Europe. Mrs. Ryder had already heard of the projected trip abroad, so the news of this sudden departure was not the shock it might otherwise have been. In her heart she did not blame her son; on the contrary she admired his spirit, and if the temporary absence from home would make him happier, she would not hold him back. Yet, mother-like, she wept and coaxed, but nothing would shake Jefferson in his determination, and he begged his mother to make it very plain to his father that this was final and that a few days would see him on his way abroad. He would try and come back to see his father that afternoon, but otherwise she was to say good-bye for him. Mrs. Ryder promised tearfully to do what her son demanded, and a few minutes later Jefferson was on his way to the front door.

As he went down-stairs something white on the carpet attracted his attention. He stooped and picked it up. It was a letter. It was in Bagley's handwriting and had evidently been dropped by the man to whom the secretary had given it to post. But what interested Jefferson more than anything else was that it was addressed to Miss Kate Roberts. Under ordinary circumstances, a king's ransom would not have tempted the young man to read a letter addressed to another, but he was convinced that his father's secretary was an adventurer, and if he were carrying on an intrigue in this manner it could have only one meaning. It was his duty to unveil a rascal who was using the Ryder roof and name to further his own ends and victimize a girl who, although sophisticated enough to know better, was too silly to realize the risk she ran at the hands of an unscrupulous man. Hesitating no longer, Jefferson tore open the envelope and read:

*My dearest Wife that is to be:*

I have arranged everything. Next Wednesday—just a week from to-day—we will go to the house of a discreet friend of mine where a minister will marry us; then we will go to the City Hall and get through the legal part of it. Afterwards, we can catch the four o'clock train for Buffalo. Meet me

in the ladies' room at the Holland House on Wednesday morning at 11 a.m. I will come there with a closed cab.

Your devoted

FITZ.

"Phew!" Jefferson whistled. A close shave this for Senator Roberts, he thought. His first impulse was to go up-stairs again to his mother and put the matter in her hands. She would immediately inform his father, who would make short work of Mr. Bagley. But, thought Jefferson, why should he spoil a good thing? He could afford to wait a day or two. There was no hurry. He could allow Bagley to think all was going swimmingly and then uncover the plot at the eleventh hour. He would even let this letter go to Kate; there was no difficulty in procuring another envelope and imitating the handwriting—and when Bagley was just preparing to go to the rendezvous, he would spring the trap. Such a cad deserved no mercy. The scandal would be a knock-out blow, his father would discharge him on the spot, and that would be the last they would see of the aristocratic English secretary. Jefferson put the letter in his pocket and left the house rejoicing.

While the foregoing incidents were happening John Burkett Ryder was secluded in his library. The great man had come home earlier than usual, for he had two important callers to see by appointment that afternoon. One was Sergeant Ellison, who had to report on his mission to Massapequa; the other was Miss Shirley Green, the author of "The American Octopus," who had at last deigned to honor him with a visit. Pending the arrival of these visitors the financier was busy with his secretary trying to get rid as rapidly as possible of what business and correspondence there was on hand.

The plutocrat was sitting at his desk poring over a mass of papers. Between his teeth was the inevitable long black cigar, and when he raised his eyes to the light a close observer might have remarked that they were sea-green, a color they assumed when the man of millions was absorbed in scheming new business deals. Every

now and then he stopped reading the papers to make quick calculations on scraps of paper. Then, if the result pleased him, a smile overspread his saturnine features. He rose from his chair and nervously paced the floor as he always did when thinking deeply.

"Five millions," he muttered, "not a cent more. If they won't sell we'll crush them—"

Mr. Bagley entered. Mr. Ryder looked up quickly.

"Well, Bagley?" he said interrogatively. "Has Sergeant Ellison come?"

"Yes, sir. But Mr. Herts is downstairs. He insists on seeing you about the Philadelphia gas deal. He says it is a matter of life and death."

"To him—yes," answered the financier dryly. "Let him come up. We might as well have it out now."

Mr. Bagley went out and returned almost immediately, followed by a short, fat man, rather loudly dressed and apoplectic in appearance. He looked like a prosperous brewer, while, as a matter of fact, he was president of a gas company, one of the shrewdest promoters in the country, and a big man in Wall Street. There was only one bigger man, and that was John Ryder. But, to-day, Mr. Herts was not in good condition. His face was pale and his manner flustered and nervous. He was plainly worried.

"Mr. Ryder," he began with excited gesture, "the terms you offer are preposterous. They would mean disaster to the stockholders. Our gas properties are worth six times that amount. We will sell out for twenty millions—not a cent less."

Ryder shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Herts," he replied coolly, "I am busy to-day and in no mood for arguing. We'll either buy you out or force you out. Choose. You have our offer. Five millions for your gas property. Will you take it?"

"We'll see you in hell first!" cried his visitor exasperated.

"Very well," replied Ryder, still unruffled, "all negotiations are off. You leave me free to act. We have an offer to buy cheap the old Germantown

Gas Company, which has charter rights to go into any of the streets of Philadelphia. We shall purchase that company, we will put ten millions new capital into it, and reduce the price of gas in Philadelphia to sixty cents a thousand. Where will you be then?"

The face of the Colossus as he uttered this stand-and-deliver speech was calm and inscrutable. Conscious of the resistless power of his untold millions, he felt no more compunction in mercilessly crushing this business rival than he would in tramping out the life of a worm. The little man facing him looked haggard and distressed. He knew well that this was no idle threat. He was well aware that Ryder and his associates by the sheer weight of the enormous wealth they controlled could sell out or destroy any industrial corporation in the land. It was plainly illegal, but it was done every day, and his company was not the first victim nor the last. Desperate, he appealed humbly to the tryannical Money Power:

"Don't drive us to the wall, Mr. Ryder. This forced sale will mean disaster to us all. Put yourself in our place—think what it means to scores of families whose only support is the income from their investment in our company."

"Mr. Herts," replied Mr. Ryder unmoved, "I never allow sentiment to interfere with business. You have heard my terms. I refuse to argue the matter further. What is it to be? Five millions or competition? Decide now or this interview must end!"

He took out his watch and with his other hand touched a bell. Beads of perspiration stood on his visitor's forehead. In a voice broken with suppressed emotion he said hoarsely:

"You're a hard, pitiless man, John Ryder! So be it—five millions. I don't know what they'll say. I don't dare return to them."

"Those are my terms," said Ryder coldly. "The papers," he added, "will be ready for your signature tomorrow at this time, and I'll have a check ready for the entire amount. Good-day."



Mr. Bagley entered. Ryder bowed to Herts, who slowly retired. When the door had closed on him Ryder went back to his desk, a smile of triumph on his face. Then he turned to his secretary:

"Let Sergeant Ellison come up," he said.

The secretary left the room and Mr. Ryder sank comfortably in his chair, puffing silently at his long, black cigar. The financier was thinking, but his thoughts concerned neither the luckless gas president he had just pitilessly crushed, nor the detective who had come to make his report. He was thinking of the book, "The American Octopus," and its bold author, whom he was to meet in a very few minutes. What kind of a woman could she be, this Shirley Green, to dare cross swords with a man whose power was felt in two hemispheres? No ordinary woman, that was certain. He pictured to himself a tall, gaunt, sexless spinster with spectacles, a sort of nightmare in the garb of a woman. A sour, discontented creature, bitter to all mankind, owing to disappointments in early life, and especially vindictive towards the rich, whom her socialistic and even anarchistical tendencies prompted her to hate and attack. Yet, withal, an intelligent woman, remarkably well informed as to political and industrial conditions—a woman to make a friend of rather than an enemy. And John Ryder, who had educated himself to believe that with gold he could do everything, that none could resist its power, had no doubt that money would enlist this Shirley Green in his service. At least it would keep her from writing more books about him.

The door opened and Sergeant Ellison entered, followed by the secretary, who almost immediately withdrew.

"Well, sergeant," said Mr. Ryder, cordially, "what have you to tell me? I can give you only a few minutes. I expect a lady friend of yours."

The plutocrat sometimes condescended to be jocular with his subordinates.

"A lady friend of mine, sir?" echoed the man, puzzled.

"Yes—Miss Shirley Green, the author," replied the financier, enjoying the detective's embarrassment. "That suggestion of yours worked out all right. She's coming here to-day."

"I'm glad you've found her, sir."

"It was a tough job," answered Ryder with a grimace. "We wrote her half a dozen times before she was satisfied with the wording of the invitation. But, finally, we landed her and I expect her at three o'clock. Now what about that Rossmore girl? Did you go down to Massapequa?"

"Yes, sir, I have been there half a dozen times. In fact, I've just come from there. Judge Rossmore is there, all right, but his daughter has left for parts unknown."

"Gone away—where?" exclaimed the financier.

This was what he dreaded. As long as he could keep his eye on the girl there was little danger of Jefferson making a fool of himself; with her disappeared everything was possible.

"I could not find out, sir. Their neighbors don't know much about them. They say they're haughty and stuck-up. The only one I could get anything out of was a parson named Deetle. He said it was a sad case, that they had reverses and a daughter who was in Paris—"

"Yes, yes," said Ryder impatiently, "we know all that. But where's the daughter now?"

"Search me, sir. I even tried to pump the Irish slavey. Gee, what a vixen! She almost flew at me. She said she did n't know and did n't care."

Ryder brought his fist down with force on his desk, a trick he had when he wished to emphasize a point.

"Sergeant, I don't like this mysterious disappearance of that girl. You must find her, do you hear, you must find her if it takes all the sleuths in the country. Had my son been seen there?"

"The parson said he saw a young fellow answering his description sitting on the porch of the Rossmore cottage the evening before the girl disappeared,



but he didn't know who he was and has n't seen him since."

"That was my son, I'll wager. He knows where the girl is. Perhaps he's with her now. Maybe he's going to marry her. That must be prevented at any cost. Sergeant, find that Rossmore girl and I'll give you \$1,000."

The detective's face flushed with pleasure at the prospect of so liberal a reward. Rising, he said:

"I'll find her, sir. I'll find her."

Mr. Bagley entered, wearing the solemn, important air he always affected when he had to announce a visitor of consequence. But before he could open his mouth Mr. Ryder said:

"Bagley, when did you see my son, Jefferson, last?"

"To-day, sir. He wanted to see you to say good-bye. He said he would be back."

Ryder gave a sigh of relief and, addressing the detective, said:

"It's not so bad as I thought." Then turning again to his secretary he asked:

"Well, Bagley, what is it?"

"There's a lady downstairs, sir—Miss Shirley Green."

The financier half sprang from his seat.

"Oh, yes. Show her up at once. Good-bye, sergeant, good-bye. Find that Rossmore woman and the \$1,000 is yours."

The detective went out and a few moments later Mr. Bagley reappeared, ushering in Shirley.

The mouse was in the den of the lion.

## XII

Mr. Ryder remained at his desk and did not even look up when the visitor entered. He pretended to be busily preoccupied with his papers, which was a favorite pose of his when receiving strangers. This frigid reception invariably served its purpose, for it led visitors not to expect more than they got, which usually was little enough. For several minutes Shirley stood still, not knowing whether to advance or to take a seat. She gave a little conven-

tional cough, and Ryder looked up. What he saw so astonished him that he at once took from his mouth the cigar he was smoking and rose from his seat. He had expected a gaunt old maid with spectacles, and here was a stylish, good-looking young woman who could not possibly be over twenty-five. There was surely some mistake. This slip of a girl could not have written "The American Octopus." He advanced to meet Shirley.

"You wish to see me, Madame?" he asked courteously. There were times when even John Burkett Ryder could be polite.

"Yes," replied Shirley, her voice trembling a little in spite of her effort to keep cool. "I am here by appointment. Three o'clock, Mrs. Ryder's note said. I am Miss Green."

"You—Miss Green? echoed the financier dubiously.

"Yes, I am Miss Green—Shirley Green, author of 'The American Octopus.' You asked me to call. Here I am."

For the first time in his life, John Ryder was nonplussed. He coughed and stammered and looked round for a place where he could throw his cigar. Shirley, who enjoyed his embarrassment, put him at his ease.

"Oh, please go on smoking," she said, "I don't mind it in the least."

Ryder threw his cigar away and looked at his visitor.

"So you are Shirley Green, eh?"

"That is my *nom de plume*—yes," replied the girl nervously. She was already wishing herself back at Massapequa. The financier eyed her for a moment in silence as if trying to gauge the strength of the personality of this audacious young woman who had dared to criticise his business methods in public print; then, waving her to a seat near his desk, he said:

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," murmured Shirley. She sat down and he took his seat at the other side of the desk, which brought them face to face. Again inspecting the girl with a close scrutiny that made her cheeks burn, Ryder said:

"I rather expected—" He stopped for a moment as if uncertain what to say; then he added: "You're younger than I thought you were, Miss Green, much younger."

"Time will remedy that," smiled Shirley. Then, mischievously, she added, "I rather expected to see Mrs. Ryder."

There was the faintest suspicion of a smile playing around the corners of the plutocrat's mouth as he picked up a book lying on his desk and replied:

"Yes—she wrote you, but I—wanted to see you about this."

Shirley's pulse throbbed faster, but she tried hard to appear unconcerned as she answered:

"Oh, my book—have you read it?"

"I have," replied Ryder slowly, and, fixing her with a stare that was beginning to make her uncomfortable, he went on: "No doubt your time is valuable, so I'll come right to the point. I want to ask you, Miss Green, where you got the character of your central figure—the Octopus, as you call him—John Broderick?"

"From imagination—of course," answered Shirley.

Ryder opened the book and Shirley noticed that there were several passages marked. He turned the leaves over in silence for a minute or two and then he said:

"You've sketched a pretty big man here—"

"Yes," assented Shirley, "he has big possibilities, but I think he makes very small use of them."

Ryder appeared not to notice her commentary, and, still reading the book, he continued:

"On page 22 you call him *'the world's greatest individualized potentiality, a giant combination of materiality, mentality, and money—the greatest exemplar of individual human will in existence to-day.'* And you make indomitable will and energy the keystone of his marvellous success. Am I right?" He looked at her questioningly.

"Quite right," answered Shirley.

Ryder proceeded:

"On page 26 you say *'the machinery*

*of his money-making mind typifies the laws of perpetual unrest. It must go on relentlessly, resistlessly, ruthlessly making money, making money, and continuing to make money. It cannot stop until the machinery crumbles.'*"

Laying the book down and turning sharply on Shirley, he asked her bluntly:

"Do you mean to say that I could n't stop to-morrow if I wanted to?"

She affected to not understand him.

"You?" she inquired in a tone of surprise.

"Well—it's a natural question," stammered Ryder, with a nervous little laugh. "Every man sees himself in the hero of a novel just as every woman sees herself in the heroine. We're all heroes and heroines in our own eyes. But tell me your private opinion of this man. You drew the character. What do you think of him as a type, how would you classify him?"

"As the greatest criminal the world has yet produced," replied Shirley without a moment's hesitation.

The financier looked at the girl in unfeigned astonishment.

"Criminal?" he echoed.

"Yes, criminal," repeated Shirley decisively. "He is avarice, egotism, and ambition incarnate. He loves money because he loves power, and he loves power more than he loves his fellow-man."

Ryder laughed uneasily. Decidedly, this girl had opinions of her own which she was not backward to express.

"Is n't that rather strong?" he asked.

"I don't think so," replied Shirley. Then quickly she asked: "But what does it matter? No such man exists."

"No, of course not," said Ryder, and he relapsed into silence.

Yet, while he said nothing, he was watching his visitor closely from under his white eyebrows. She seemed supremely unconscious of his scrutiny. Her aristocratic, thoughtful face gave no sign that any ulterior motive had actuated her evidently hostile attitude against him. That he was in her mind when she drew the character of John

Broderick there could be no doubt. No matter how she might evade the identification, he was convinced he was the hero of her book. Why had she attacked him so bitterly? At first, it occurred to him that blackmail might be her object; she might be going to ask for money as the price of future silence. Yet it needed but a glance at her refined and modest demeanor to dispel that idea as absurd. Then he remembered, too, that it was not she who had sought this interview, but himself. No, she was no blackmailer. More probably she was a dreamer, one of those meddling sociologists who, under pretence of bettering the conditions of the working classes, stir up discontent and bitterness of feeling. As such, she might prove more to be feared than a mere blackmailer whom he could buy off with money. He knew he was not popular, but he was no worse than the other captains of industry. It was a cutthroat game at best. Competition was the soul of commercial life, and if he had outwitted his competitors and made himself richer than all of them, he was not a criminal for that. But all these attacks in newspapers and books did not do him any good. One day the people might take these demagogic writings seriously, and then there would be the devil to pay. He took up the book again and ran over the pages. This certainly was no ordinary girl. She knew more, and had a more direct way of saying things, than any woman he had ever met. And as he watched her furtively across the desk he wondered how he could use her—how instead of an enemy he could make her his friend. If he did not, she would go away and write more such books, and literature of this kind might become a real peril to his interests. Money could do anything; it could secure the services of this woman and prevent her doing further mischief. But how could he employ her? Suddenly an inspiration came to him. For some years he had been collecting material for a history of the Empire Trading Company. She could write it. It would practically be his own biography. Would she undertake it?

Embarrassed by the long silence, Shirley finally broke it by saying:

"But you didn't ask me to call merely to find out what I thought of my own work?"

"No," replied Ryder slowly, "I want you to do some work for me."

He opened a drawer at the left of his desk and took out several sheets of foolscap and a number of letters. Shirley's heart beat faster as she caught sight of the letters. Were her father's among them? She wondered what kind of work John Burkett Ryder had for her to do and if she would do it whatever it was. Some literary work, probably, compiling, or something of that kind. If it were well paid, why should she not accept? There would be nothing humiliating in it; it would not tie her hands in any way. She was a professional writer in the market, to be employed by whoever could pay the price. Besides, such work might give her better opportunities to secure the letters of which she was in search. Gathering in one pile all the papers he had removed from the drawer, Mr. Ryder said:

"I want you to put my biography together from this material. But first," he added, taking up "The American Octopus," "I want to know where you got the details of this man's life."

"Oh, for the most part—imagination, newspapers, magazines," replied Shirley carelessly. "You know the American millionaire is a very over-worked topic just now—and naturally I've read—"

"Yes, I understand," he said, "but I refer to what you have n't read—what you could n't have read. For example, here." He turned to a page marked in the book and read aloud: "*As an evidence of his petty vanity, when a youth he had a beautiful Indian girl tattooed just above the forearm.*" Ryder leaned eagerly forward as he asked her searchingly: "Now, who told you that I had my arm tattooed when I was a boy?"

"Have you?" laughed Shirley nervously. What a curious coincidence!"

"Let me read you another coinci-

dence, said Ryder meaningly. He turned to another part of the book and read: "*the same eternal long black cigar always between his lips.* . . ."

"General Grant smoked, too," interrupted Shirley. "All men who think deeply along material lines seem to smoke."

"Well, we'll let that go. But how about this? He turned back a few pages and read: "*John Broderick had loved, when a young man, a girl who lived in Vermont, but circumstances separated them.*" He stopped and stared at Shirley a moment and then he said: "I loved a girl when I was a lad, and she came from Vermont, and circumstances separated us. That isn't coincidence, for presently you make John Broderick marry a young woman who had money. I married a girl with money."

"Lots of men marry for money," remarked Shirley.

"I said with money, not for money," retorted Ryder. Then turning again to the book, he said: "Now, this is what I can't understand, for no one could have told you this but I myself. Listen." He read aloud: "*With all his physical bravery and personal courage, John Broderick was intensely afraid of death. It was on his mind constantly.*" "Who told you that?" he demanded somewhat roughly. "I swear I've never mentioned it to a living soul."

"Most men who amass money are afraid of death," replied Shirley with outward composure, "for death is about the only thing that can separate them from their money."

Ryder laughed, but it was a hollow, mocking laugh, neither sincere nor hearty. It was such a laugh as the devil's may have been when he was driven out of heaven.

"You're quite a character!" He laughed again, and Shirley, catching the infection, laughed, too.

"It's me and it isn't me," went on Ryder, flourishing the book. "This fellow Broderick is all right, he's successful, and he's great, but I don't like his finish."

"It's logical," ventured Shirley.

"It's cruel," insisted Ryder.

"So is the man who reverses the divine law and hates his neighbor instead of loving him," retorted Shirley.

She spoke more boldly, beginning to feel more sure of her ground, and it amused her to fence in this way with the man of millions. So far, she thought, he had not got the best of her. She was fast becoming used to him and her first feeling of intimidation was passing away.

"Um!" grunted Ryder, "you're a curious girl; upon my word you interest me!" He took the mass of papers lying at his elbow and pushed them over to her. "Here," he said, "I want you to make as clever a book out of this chaos as you did out of your own imagination."

Shirley turned the papers over carelessly.

"So you think your life is a good example to follow?" she asked with a tinge of irony.

"Isn't it?" he demanded.

The girl looked him square in the face.

"Suppose," she said, "we all wanted to follow it; suppose we all wanted to be the richest, the most powerful personage in the world?"

"Well—what then?" he demanded.

"I think it would postpone the era of the Brotherhood of Man indefinitely, don't you?"

"I never thought of it from that point of view. Really, you're an extraordinary girl. Why, you can't be more than twenty—or so."

"I'm twenty-four—or so," smiled Shirley.

Ryder's face expanded into a broad smile. He admired this girl's pluck and ready wit. He grew more amiable and tried to gain her confidence. In a coaxing tone he said:

"Come, where did you get those details? Take me into your confidence."

"I have taken you into my confidence," laughed Shirley, pointing at the book. "It cost you a dollar and fifty cents!" Turning over the papers he had put before her she said presently: "I don't know about this."

"You don't think my life would



make good reading?" he asked with some asperity.

"It might," she replied slowly, as if unwilling to commit herself as to its commercial or literary value. Then she said frankly: "To tell you the honest truth, I don't consider mere genius in money-making a sufficient justification for rushing into print. You see, unless you come to a bad end, it would have no moral."

Ignoring the not very flattering insinuation contained in this last speech, Ryder continued to urge her.

"You can name your own price if you will do the work," he said. "Five—seven—ten thousand dollars. It's only a few months' work."

"Ten thousand dollars?" echoed Shirley. "That's a lot of money." Smiling, she added: "It appeals to my commercial sense. But I'm afraid the subject does not arouse my enthusiasm from an artistic standpoint."

Ryder seemed amused at the idea of any one hesitating to make ten thousand dollars—an opportunity of a lifetime.

"Upon my word," he said, "I don't know why I'm so anxious to get you to do the work. I suppose it's because you don't want to. You remind me of my son. Ah, he's a problem!"

Shirley started involuntarily when Ryder mentioned his son. But he did not notice it.

"Why, is he wild?" she asked, as if only mildly interested.

"Oh, no, I wish he were," said Ryder.

"Fallen in love with the wrong woman, I suppose," she said.

"Something of the sort—how did you guess?" asked Ryder surprised.

Shirley coughed to hide her embarrassment and replied indifferently.

"So many boys do that. Besides," she added with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "I can hardly imagine that any woman would be the right one unless you selected her yourself!"

Ryder made no answer. He folded his arms and gazed at her. Who was this woman who knew him so well, who could read his inmost thoughts,

who never made a mistake? After a silence he said:

"Do you know, you say the strangest things?"

"Truth is strange," replied Shirley carelessly. "I don't suppose you hear it very often."

"Not in that form," admitted Ryder.

Shirley had taken on to her lap some of the letters he had passed to her and was perusing them one after another.

"All these letters from Washington consulting you on politics and finance—they won't interest the world."

"My secretary picked them out," explained Ryder. "Your artistic sense will tell you what to use."

"Does your son still love this girl? I mean the one you object to?" inquired Shirley, as she went on sorting the papers.

"Oh, no, he does not care for her any more," answered Ryder hastily.

"Yes, he does, he still loves her," said Shirley positively.

"How do you know that?" asked Ryder amazed.

"From the way you say he does n't," retorted Shirley.

Ryder gave his caller a look in which admiration was mingled with astonishment.

"You are right again," he said. "The idiot does love the girl."

"Bless his heart," said Shirley to herself. Aloud she said:

"I hope they'll both outwit you."

Ryder laughed in spite of himself. This young woman certainly interested him more than any other he had ever known.

"I don't think I ever met any one in my life quite like you," he said.

"What's the objection to the girl?" demanded Shirley.

"Every objection. I don't want her in my family."

"Anything against her character?"

To better conceal the keen interest she took in the personal turn the conversation had taken, Shirley pretended to be more busy than ever with the papers.

"Yes—that is, no—not that I know of," replied Ryder. "But because



a woman has a good character, that does n't necessarily make her a desirable match, does it?"

"It's a point in her favor, is n't it?"

"Yes—but—" He hesitated as if uncertain what to say.

"You know men well, don't you, Mr. Ryder?"

"I've met enough to know them pretty well," he replied.

"Why don't you study women for a change?" she asked. "That would enable you to understand a great many things that I don't think are quite clear to you now."

Ryder laughed good humoredly. It was decidedly a novel sensation to have some one lecturing him.

"I'm studying you," he said, "but I don't seem to make much headway. A woman like you whose mind is n't spoiled by the amusement habit has great possibilities—great possibilities. Do you know, you're the first woman I ever took into my confidence—I mean at sight?" Again he fixed her with that keen glance which in his business life had taught him how to read men. He continued: "I'm acting on sentiment—something I rarely do, but I can't help it. I like you, upon my soul I do, and I'm going to introduce you to my wife—my son—"

He took the telephone from his desk as if he were going to use it.

"What a commander-in-chief you would have made—how natural it is for you to command," exclaimed Shirley in a burst of admiration that was half real, half mocking. "I suppose you always tell people what they are to do and how they are to do it. You are a born general. You know I've often thought that Napoleon and Cæsar and Alexander must have been great domestic leaders as well as imperial rulers. I'm sure of it now."

Ryder listened to her in amazement. He was not quite sure if she were making fun of him or not.

"Well, of all—" he began. Then interrupting himself, he said amiably: "Won't you do me the honor to meet my family?"

Shirley smiled sweetly and bowed.

"Thank you, Mr. Ryder, I will."

She rose from her seat and leaned over the manuscript to conceal the satisfaction this promise of an introduction to the family circle gave her. She was quick to see that it meant more visits to the house and other and perhaps better opportunities to find the objects of her search. Ryder lifted the receiver of his telephone and talked to his secretary in another room, while Shirley, who was still standing, continued examining the papers and letters.

"Is that you, Bagley? What's that? General Dodge? Get rid of him. I can't see him to-day. Tell him to come to-morrow. What's that? My son wants to see me? Tell him to come to the 'phone."

At that instant Shirley gave a little cry, which in vain she tried to suppress. Ryder looked up.

"What's the matter?" he demanded startled.

"Nothing—nothing!" she replied in a hoarse whisper. "I pricked myself with a pin. Don't mind me."

She had just come across her father's missing letters, which had got mixed up, evidently without Ryder's knowledge, in the mass of papers he had handed her. Prepared as she was to find the letters somewhere in the house, she never dreamed that fate would put them so easily and so quickly into her hands; the suddenness of their appearance and the sight of her father's familiar signature affected her almost like a shock. Now she had them she must not let them go again, yet how could she keep them unobserved? Could she conceal them? Would he miss them? She tried to slip them in her bosom while Ryder was busy at the 'phone, but he suddenly glanced in her direction and caught her eye. She still held the letters in her hand, which shook from nervousness, but he noticed nothing and went on speaking through the 'phone:

"Hallo, Jefferson, boy! You want to see me? Can you wait till I'm through? I've got a lady here. Going away? Nonsense! Determined, eh? Well, I can't keep you here if

you've made up your mind. You want to say good-bye. Come up in about five minutes and I'll introduce you to a very interesting person."

He laughed and hung up the receiver. Shirley was all unstrung, trying to overcome the emotion which her discovery had caused her, and in a strangely altered voice, the result of the nervous strain she was under, she said:

"You want me to come here?"

She looked up from the letters she was reading across to Ryder, who was standing watching her on the other side of the desk. He caught her glance and, leaning over to take some manuscript, he said:

"Yes, I don't want these papers to get—"

His eye suddenly rested on the letters she was holding. He stopped short, and reaching forward he tried to snatch them from her.

"What have you got there?" he exclaimed.

He took the letters and she made no resistance. It would be folly to force the issue now, she thought. Another opportunity would present itself. Ryder locked the letters up very carefully in the drawer on the left-hand side of his desk, muttering to himself rather than speaking to Shirley:

"How on earth did they get among my other papers?"

"From Judge Rossmore, were they not?" said Shirley boldly.

"How did you know it was Judge Rossmore?" demanded Ryder suspiciously. "I did n't know that his name had been mentioned."

"I saw his signature," she said simply. Then she added: "He's the father of the girl you don't like, is n't he?"

"Yes, he's the—"

A cloud came over the financier's face; his eyes darkened, his jaws snapped, and he clenched his fist.

"How you must hate him!" said Shirley, who observed the change.

"Not at all," replied Ryder recovering his self-possession and suavity of manner. "I disagree with his politics and his methods, but—I know very

little about him except that he is about to be removed from office."

"About to be?" echoed Shirley. "So his fate is decided even before he is tried?" The girl laughed bitterly. "Yes," she went on, "some of the newspapers are beginning to think he is innocent of the things of which he is accused."

"Do they?" said Ryder indifferently.

"Yes," she persisted, "most people are on his side."

She planted her elbows on the desk in front of her, and looking him squarely in the face, she asked him point-blank:

"Whose side are you on—really and truly?"

Ryder winced. What right had this woman, a stranger both to Judge Rossmore and himself, to come here and catechise him? He restrained his impatience with difficulty as he replied:

"Whose side am I on? Oh, I don't know that I am on any side. I don't know that I give it much thought. I—"

"Do you think this man deserves to be punished?" she demanded.

She had resumed her seat at the desk and partly regained her self-possession.

"Why do you ask? What is your interest in this matter?"

"I don't know," she replied evasively; "his case interests me, that's all. It's rather romantic. Your son loves this man's daughter. He is in disgrace—many seem to think unjustly." Her voice trembled with emotion as she continued: "I have heard from one source or another—you know I am acquainted with a number of newspaper men—I have heard that life no longer has any interest for him, that he is not only disgraced but beggared, that he is pining away slowly, dying of a broken heart, that his wife and daughter are in despair. Tell me, do you think he deserves such a fate?"

Ryder remained thoughtful a moment, and then he replied:

"No, I do not—no—"

Thinking that she had touched his sympathies, Shirley followed up her advantage:

"Oh, then, why not come to his rescue—you who are so rich, so powerful; you who can move the scales of justice at your will—save this man from humiliation and disgrace!"

Ryder shrugged his shoulders, and his face expressed weariness, as if the subject had begun to bore him.

"My dear girl, you don't understand. His removal is necessary."

Shirley's face became set and hard. There was a contemptuous ring in her words as she retorted:

"Yet you admit that he may be innocent!"

"Even if I knew it as a fact, I could n't move."

"Do you mean to say that if you had positive proof?" She pointed to the drawer in the desk where he had placed the letters. "If you had absolute proof in that drawer, for instance? Would n't you help him then?"

Ryder's face grew cold and inscrutable; he now wore his fighting mask.

"Not even if I had the absolute proof in that drawer," he snapped viciously.

"Have you absolute proof in that drawer?" she demanded.

"I repeat that even if I had, I could not expose the men who have been my friends. It's *noblesse oblige* in politics as well as in society, you know."

He smiled again at her, as if he had recovered his good humor after their sharp passage at arms.

"Oh, it's politics—that's what the papers said. And you believe him innocent. Well, you must have some grounds for your belief."

"Not necessarily—"

"You said that even if you had the proofs, you could not produce them without sacrificing your friends, showing that your friends are interested in having this man put off the bench—" She stopped and burst into hysterical laughter. "Oh, I think you're having a joke at my expense," she went on, "just to see how far you can lead me. I daresay Judge Rossmore deserves all he gets. Oh, yes—I'm sure he deserves it." She rose and walked to the other side of the room to conceal her emotion.

Ryder watched her curiously.

"My dear young lady, how you take this matter to heart!"

"Please forgive me," laughed Shirley, and averting her face to conceal the fact that her eyes were filled with tears. "It's my artistic temperament, I suppose. It's always getting me into trouble. It appealed so strongly to my sympathies—this story of hopeless love between two young people—with the father of the girl hounded by corrupt politicians and unscrupulous financiers. It was too much for me. Ah! ah! I forgot where I was!"

She leaned against a chair, sick and faint from nervousness, her whole body trembling. At that moment there was a knock at the library door and Jefferson Ryder appeared. Not seeing Shirley, whose back was towards him, he advanced to greet his father.

"You told me to come up in five minutes," he said. "I just wanted to say—"

"Miss Green," said Ryder, addressing Shirley and ignoring whatever it was that the young man wanted to say, "this is my son Jefferson. Jeff—this is Miss Green."

Jefferson looked in the direction indicated and stood as if rooted to the floor. He was so surprised that he was struck dumb. Finally, recovering himself, he exclaimed:

"Shirley!"

"Yes, Shirley Green, the author," explained Ryder, not noticing the note of familiar recognition in his exclamation.

"Shirley advanced, and holding out her hand to Jefferson, said demurely:

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Ryder." Then quickly in an undertone she added: "Be careful; don't betray me."

Jefferson was so astounded that he did not see the outstretched hand. All he could do was to stand and stare first at her and then at his father.

"Why don't you shake hands with her?" said Ryder. "She won't bite you." Then he added: "Miss Green is going to do some literary work for me, so we shall see a great deal of her."

It's too bad you're going away." He chuckled at his own pleasantry.

"Father," blurted out Jefferson, "I came to say that I've changed my mind. You did not want me to go, and I feel I ought to do something to please you."

"Good boy," said Ryder, pleased. "Now you're talking common sense." He turned to Shirley, who was getting ready to make her departure: "Well, Miss Green, we may consider the matter settled. You undertake the work at the price I named and finish it as soon as you can. Of course, you will have to consult me a good deal as you go along, so I think it would be better for you to come and stay here while

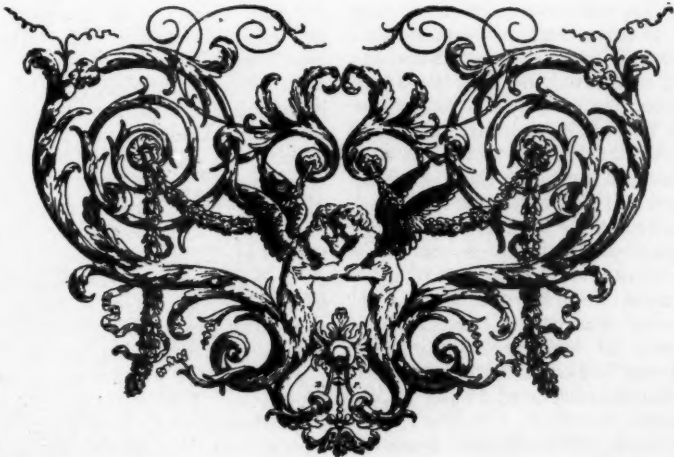
the work is progressing. Mrs. Ryder can give you a suite of rooms to yourself, where you will be undisturbed, and you will have all your material close at hand. What do you say?"

Shirley was silent for a moment. She looked first at Ryder and then at his son, and from them her glance went to the little drawer on the left-hand side of the desk. Then she said quietly:

"As you think best, Mr. Ryder. I am quite willing to do the work here."

Ryder escorted her to the top of the landing and watched her as she passed down the grand staircase, attended by gorgeously attired flunkeys, to the front door and the street.

*(To be concluded.)*



## Three Notable Biographies

Paul's Froude, Palmer's Herbert, and Traubel's Whitman

### I

#### James Anthony Froude\*

THE official biography of departed worthies is a well-established English institution, typical of a nation deeply interested in its leaders and anxious for the fullest possible light on all obscure phases of their lives. As a rule, it is an extended and laborious work of great detail, fully *documenté*, and similar in composition to the German historical monographs, at whose wealth of detail English scholarship is wont to point a disapproving finger. Mr. Paul's biography of Froude is not of this type, mainly, as it would appear, on account of inadequate material. After Froude's death, a large number of his letters were destroyed, his family not intending that any biography of him should be written. This deficiency was only partially made good by information derived from Froude's family, and by letters obtained from friends of the historian. Instead of a detailed life, Mr. Paul has been able to give us only a bare outline sketch of Froude's life, with but few details. While this is sufficient for those interested merely in the historian, it will not satisfy those desirous of knowing the man. The typical English biography would perhaps have been too heavy for the subject; still, a mean could have been found and a more extensive and less critical biography would be welcome, for the few extracts from Froude's letters printed by Mr. Paul decidedly whet the appetite for more.

In the main, Mr. Paul's book is an account of Froude's literary activity, and a defence of his conduct in the two heated controversies resulting therefrom. The former was Freeman's long-sustained and bitter attack on Froude's method of work

and on his qualifications as an historian. The latter concerned the propriety of publishing intimate details about the lives of Carlyle and his wife. Mr. Paul holds that Froude ranks high as an historian, and as his own works show, he himself is a disciple of the literary school of history, and strongly opposed to those who hold that history is a science. He would probably indorse Froude's opinion that "the address of history is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good; we learn to hate what is base." This goes to the root of Froude's conception of history. It explains his statement that were "Macbeth" literally true, it would be the perfect history. In common with his teacher, Carlyle, he strongly believed in the existence of "the moral law," and he also believed that the main, if not the sole, lesson taught by history is the ultimate triumph of good over evil. Like Carlyle, he propounded "the great man" theory of human development, according to which the Henry VIIIs, Cromwells, and Frederick the Greats are the great causative factors. He never conceived of society as an organism, and never realized, though it has been a truism since the days of Aristotle, that the individual, as such, is a non-existent abstraction. To him "mankind are but an aggregate of individuals. History is but the record of individual action: and what is true of the part is true of the whole." This statement is sufficient to make a modern sociologist or student of social psychology shudder, and yet, long before Froude's day Rousseau understood in a general way that a group was something entirely distinct from the sum of the individuals composing it. Froude

\* James Anthony Froude. By Herbert Paul. Scribner.



went out of his way in attacking the scientific school of historians, and so does Mr. Paul in his numerous direct and half-veiled sneers. Most of the controversy between the literary and scientific historians is futile. There will always be those to whom history will appear primarily as a literary art, making its appeal to the higher emotions and acting as an ethical stimulus. At the same time, there will be others who look upon their subject as a science, appealing primarily to the reason; they will study the actions of men in the mass, and will be interested not in dramatic incident or in the motives or actions of individuals, but in the explanation of the present by the past. The literary historian will attempt to give a picture of the past, and the scientific historian will group large categories of facts and try to explain the causal link binding them.

It has been often said that each generation will re-write the history of the past in accordance with its own needs, because each generation is intent upon learning something different from past experience. The process is easy, for as Froude said, "History was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose." When questions of political organization were paramount, we were deluged with volumes of constitutional history, and later, when interest was centred on internal industrial organization, the economic history of the past was studied, while the recent strong wave of imperialism has led to an interpretation of the past from the standpoint of colonization, international trade, and sea-power. Though this has been the course in historiography heretofore, it is not inevitable and has resulted only in consequence of the adoption of a low standard, and on account of the difficulty of grasping the historic phenomena of even a comparatively short period in their entirety and in their relative importance. In Froude's day, interest was centred, in English intellectual circles, and espe-

cially in Froude's set at Oxford, on the relations of Church and State in England. This attracted him to a study of the English Reformation, and his work is integrally connected with the Oxford movement and with the reaction against it. He approached his task in the spirit of an advocate, as he did later when writing his work on England and Ireland. As such, there was a marked tendency to overstate his case and to over-accentuate the lights and the shadows. Believing that the Reformation was of supreme importance, he tended to idealize Henry VIII as the creator of the English national Church. As an historian, Froude was attacked, especially by Freeman, because of his partiality and also because of his habitual inaccuracy in details. Freeman's criticisms were unnecessarily harsh, and though frequently justified, were occasionally unfounded; but they referred, as a rule, to unimportant points of detail, for Freeman was a mediævalist and confessedly knowing but little of Froude's period, was unable to criticise it from a broad standpoint. Invariably, however, these criticisms were made in a bitter and personal spirit, which, though characteristic of the German academic world, is, as a rule, fortunately, absent in similar controversies in England. Green, the critic's friend, has no sympathy with Freeman's oft-repeated references to some grossly careless slip. It was in connection with a similar campaign carried on by Freeman against Kingsley, that the historian of the English People called his (Freeman's) attention to the fact that there were blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact, and similarly Green frankly wrote to Freeman in connection with the attacks on Froude, "Why don't you hit him in the big things and not in the little? The big thing is that Anthony has written a history of England with England left out." Yet, despite the well-recognized partiality of his writings and their undeniable inaccuracy, Froude attained great popular success as an historian. He was, above all, a man of letters, an artist who instinctively saw the drama-

tic side of events, though he occasionally over-accentuated it. His style has a distinct charm. He appealed to that overwhelming majority of the reading public which reads history, and which probably always will read, purely for pleasure and not for instruction. To that majority, it matters little if facts are somewhat distorted. Leslie Stephen voices that attitude when he says in reference to Froude's work: "If I want to know something of the Elizabethan period, I can nowhere find so vivid and interesting a narrative . . . The history may be an 'impressionist' picture, colored and distorted by the mirror in which the facts are reflected. But I can take that into account. I know that I am not to read with unqualified faith. I get such a narrative of the past as I should of the present if I confined myself to party-journalism."

Mr. Paul is, however, not willing to let Froude rest on his laurels as a great artist; in addition he seeks to prove that he was a great scholar. According to Mr. Paul, Froude was an incessant and laborious worker. Naturally Froude worked, and it is probable that he worked hard, for his literary output was large. But unquestionably, he worked quickly and carelessly, and he often erred through lack of careful study of the very documents he himself had unearthed. As an instance of the thoroughness of Froude's methods, Mr. Paul cites the work which he did in the Burleigh papers at Hatfield House, yet, according to a statement quoted by Green, Froude was so grossly careless in his work there, that Lady Salisbury said he was "the most indolent man" she ever knew. "Shall we call him Indolence in a dozen volumes?" Green humorously asks.

In his defence of Froude's conduct in connection with the Carlyles, Mr. Paul is much more successful. He shows clearly that Froude was fully justified in doing what he did, and that he was following the wishes of Carlyle who, like his hero Cromwell, did not want the blemishes omitted from his portrait. It was in reference to "Car-

lyle in London" that Froude wrote "I loved and honored him above all living men, and with this feeling I have done my best to produce a faithful likeness of him . . . The drift of the whole is that Carlyle was by far the most remarkable man of his time—that five hundred years hence he will be the only one of us all whose name will be so much as remembered, while *perhaps* he may be *one* who will have reshaped in a permanent form the religious belief of mankind. Therefore he ought to be known exactly as he was." This is not the statement of a man who could traduce his teacher and friend, yet Froude was reviled as a traitor to Carlyle's memory, and some even of his own friends looked coldly on him. His attitude is clearly explained in the following extract from his letter to Mrs. Charles Kingsley about the Carlyles: "There is something *demonic* both in him and her which will never be adequately understood; but the hearts of both of them were sound and true to the last fibre. You may guess what difficulty mine has been, and how weary the responsibility. You may guess, too, how dreary it is to me to hear myself praised for frankness, when I find the world all fastening on C.'s faults, while the splendid qualities are ignored or forgotten. . . . I deliberately say (and I have said it in the book) that C.'s was 'the finest nature I have ever known.'" Is it merely the irony of fate that Froude was attacked for omitting to do in his books on the Carlyles that which he had been accused of doing in his History, or do we not want a complete biography, lest the inevitable blemishes obscure the noblest traits? Froude was unquestionably correct, and felt convinced that the whole truth would serve only to enhance the essential grandeur of Carlyle's nature. Had he adopted the same attitude in his History, and sought to portray both sides of Tudor England, his reputation as an historian would be more secure.

GEORGE LOUIS BEER.

## II

## Life of George Herbert

A VERY notable contribution to literary history is Professor G. H. Palmer's lately published "English Works of George Herbert."\* With the exception of John Donne, probably no poet is in sorer need of elucidation, and the sensitive, exacting, artist soul of the old poet could not have wished for a more sympathetic comprehension, a clearer-sighted treatment of his work. Wide and intimate scholarship and a rare insight born of a lifetime of close fellowship are met together in this work. Years of study and research, infinite pains, carefulness, and deliberate art has Professor Palmer spent on this comparatively unimportant poet with a splendid lavishness which, in these days of haste and incompleteness,—of the greatest dividends required for the smallest amount of labor,—is inspiring to contemplate.

Both popularity and neglect have at times been Herbert's portion. "Even now," when his verse is enjoying what might be called a "revival," he is more often bought than read," and although living in quotations—isolated lines or verses,—in his entirety as a poet he is more frequently passed by on the other side. He has been venerated as a kind of religious relic encased in his Bemerton study as in a shrine, the popular impression being that of a man of extreme and even morbid piety who spent an entire lifetime in priestly offices; while the fact is, that Herbert died under forty, was a priest for less than three years, and spent the foregoing six and thirty among men who loved power, place, wit, pleasure, and learning, holding his own among them remarkably well.

The presentation of the verse in relation to the life of a poet long since dead requires a kind of mosaic work on the part of the writer: an endless seeking out and sifting of details—

slight in themselves, but the perfectness and accurate placing of each is essential to the perfectness of the whole; and it is the tireless patience of Professor Palmer's deliberate workmanship, and his rare insight into the sensitive, delicately subtle mind and heart of the poet, that make his "mosaic-work" vital and give it unity.

Poetry so intensely personal as Herbert's, which, with all its careful, conscious art, its niceness of embroidered phraseology, is a kind of shriving of the soul rather than an appearance in public for what applause may come, needs in an especial degree an understanding of the man beneath it. Nor is Herbert, with his complexity of nature, particularly easy to understand, combining as he does irresolution and precipitancy, impetuosity and delay, energy and indecision, the gifts of a courtier and man of the world with those of a priest; a man whose deep and intense religious feeling must yet express itself with all the delicate and curious artifice of the sonneteer. Also he is obscure, very much as Browning and Emerson were obscure, of whom Professor Palmer admirably says: "They write for themselves; others are privileged to look on and see them think." Walton's "lover of retiredness" could have echoed Browning's declaration, and said also: "My stress lay on the development of a human soul; little else is worth study." It is the spiritual experiences of Herbert's own soul—its crises, hesitations, exultations, which the poet constantly depicts. It is therefore in the light of his spiritual development, the relation of his life to that development, that his poetry is here considered, and the emphasis laid on his "psychological, social, and literary significance."

Professor Palmer's most striking innovation in his treatment of Herbert, one likely to call out both praise and adverse criticism, is his rearrangement of the poems, a change of

\*The Life and Works of George Herbert. Arranged and annotated by George Herbert Palmer. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 3 vols. \$6.00 net.

immense service to an adequate understanding of the poet. Herbert has been edited and re-edited, but hitherto, though there was in it no particular recommendation of reason or significance, the ancient and arbitrary order of the poems has always been followed. Professor Palmer has worked in another fashion. In this edition, the poems fall naturally into three broad chronological divisions, which he calls the periods of Hesitation (the years wherein Herbert was dallying indecisively with the idea of priesthood), of Crisis (terminated by his entering the priesthood), and of Consecration (the last three years at Bemerton). Within these broad divisions the poems are drawn up into significant groups according to their psychological sequence: and the poems thus arranged fall into as definite a relationship as any sonnet-sequence, making a deeply interesting, almost dramatic, whole.

Professor Palmer's treatment of the text, while not so radical, is enlightening. On the page facing the poems are the notes which are devised to suit all sorts and conditions of intelligence. Where, because a word or phrase has become obsolete, Professor Palmer takes pains to "copie fair what Time hath blurr'd": also the subject is noted, the metre, and where similar metre has been used; but especially interesting are the cross-references to a similar use of phrase or idea in Herbert or his contemporaries.

In the matter of the text Professor Palmer shows a strong literary conscience, not availing himself, as Dr. Grosart sometimes does, of choosing the reading which he prefers. He holds chiefly by the Ferrars MS., and uses Dr. Grosart's Jones MS. (the Williams MS.) chiefly as a guide in chronology, holding that the Ferrars MS. is a later revision of this text, and adducing pretty thorough proof for such a faith being in him.

Two of the three volumes are made up of Herbert's poetry with its accompanying annotations, and the brief and illuminating essays which preface each group of poems. The first volume contains his prose, namely, the

"Countrey Parson," with its wisdom both worldly and other-worldly; his exquisite translation of Cornaro on Temperance; the theological notes on Valdesso, and his few letters. Half of the first volume is occupied by Professor Palmer's admirable study of the poet, his five essays on "The Life," "The Man," "The Type of Religious Poetry," "The Style and Technique," and "The Text and Order." The saintly recluse enshrined in Izaak Walton's lovely and endearing prose is somewhat displaced by this latter portrait of the man George Herbert. Yet Father Izaak, while stating the essential facts, merely used the artist's privilege of selecting his own view-point, throwing into strong light the last three years at Bemerton—enshrining them with all the vividness of his quaint and charming art.

Herbert's poetry was indeed a protest against the love poetry of his day; no *Stella* nor *Idea* is enshrined by him in verse or sonnet. To Herbert a woman was by no means a being "dipped in angel instincts," nor did she breathe Paradise; she represented an assault of the devil. Yet, while protesting against the subject, his own verse was strongly akin. The spirit was indeed different, but the clothes, as it were, followed the prevailing fashion. Herbert was essentially "a sonnetteer of the true Petrarchian type." It was his spiritual passion for the Immortal Love which he celebrated, yet using the same delicate enrichment of broidered phrases which Donne in his early poems used in celebrating his human love.

Herbert's religious experience was genuine: no one can doubt it; but that a mood was isolated—treated as an artist treats a subject, as Sidney and his fellow-poets undoubtedly treated an emotion which might be but slight and fugitive—is plain also. To Herbert, spontaneity was no virtue. That his subject was so transcendent made greater the need that he should employ his utmost art: and "what passion and tenderness does he contrive to weave into his subtle introspections! Hardly do the impetuous love-songs of Shelley



yearn and sob more profoundly than these tangled, allusive, self-conscious, and over-intellectual verses of him who first in English poetry spoke face to face with God!"

Herbert's notable contributions to the matter as well as the manner of English poetry are these: "He originated the original love-lyric, and he introduced structure into the short poem." These, his two substantial claims to originality, are well and clearly set forth in the essays on the "Type of Religious Poetry" and on the "Style and Technique." The latter claim will not, perhaps, be so readily conceded as the former. The "rich suggestiveness" of Herbert's style, "its intellectual difficulty, its tenderness of religious appeal, obscure his skill as a builder." Unity of structure was but little regarded until Herbert appeared. In his "Defence of Poesie" Sidney, complaining of the poets of his day, declares "their matter is *quodlibet*; they never marshal into any assured rank, so that the readers cannot tell where to put themselves." It was to the task of securing a definiteness and organic wholeness of articulate structure that Herbert steadily set himself. "In his pages we see for the first time a body

of lyrics in which the form and matter are one."

To us Americans, with our scant supply of artistic instinct, our journalistic despatch, our matter-of-fact literalness, the delicate intricacy of Herbert may not prove alluring, nor may we sympathize altogether with his "special type of self-centred piety," and yet the old poet occupies a definite place in English verse. There is a peculiar fascination, in observing the inner working of a mind and heart so essentially one with a bygone century. For this intimate fellowship with Herbert—the high-bred gentleman, the sagacious observer, the master of language, the persistent artist,—and for the knowledge accorded of his struggling, passionate, despairing, exulting soul, one must needs be most grateful. "I could not die in peace," writes his biographer, "if I did not raise a costly monument to his beneficent memory." Costly, the monument surely is, built by the lavish spending of years of scholarship, enriched by that carefulness of "embroidery," the delicate exactness of phrase and characterization which the old poet deeply loved. With it George Herbert should be well content.

FRANCES DUNCAN.

### III

## Whitman and His Boswell

THE new year has given us no more interesting book than "With Walt Whitman in Camden,"\* by Horace Traubel. Every one who knows about Whitman in his later years knows the name of Horace Traubel, his friend and neighbor.

Whitman's home in Camden was in a side street and was such a home as a comfortably-off working man might have lived in—a little two story and attic frame house; two rooms in the basement, a tiny hall and two rooms on the main floor, two bedrooms over, and probably an attic. I never got

above the second floor, where Whitman's rooms—bedroom, sitting-room, reception-room, all combined—were situated. This room gave out on the street, with two windows, and it was heated by an "air-tight" stove, and lighted at night by a kerosene lamp with a broken chimney. Whitman's bed, sometimes made, sometimes unmade, occupied a large portion of the room; the rest of the space was filled with piles of newspapers, magazines, and books. In the midst of this confusion the good gray poet sat in a large, substantial rocking-chair. It was late in October when I saw him last, and he was clothed in a dressing

\*"With Walt Whitman in Camden." By Horace Traubel. Small, Maynard, & Co. \$3 net.



gown made of blankets. While the appearance of the room was littered and anything but attractive, Whitman himself was the pink of neatness. His linen was immaculately clean and his beard and hair well brushed. The litter always seemed to me something of a pose, for Whitman was a well-ordered, methodical man. His manuscript, which looked confused and untidy at a first glance, was, on examination, carefully written and could be followed by the printer as easily as reprint. every "i" was dotted, every "t" crossed, every capital indicated.

Mr. Traubel was Whitman's Boswell. He sat at his feet and took notes. Whitman was very fond of the young man and talked to him freely. The result is given in this volume. Certain chapters of the book were printed in the *Century Magazine*, but the most of it is new and every page of it interesting,—that is, interesting to all who found Whitman interesting. I was one of the early admirers of Whitman, but I never "swallowed him whole," as the saying goes. I think he was a great poet—one of the greatest of his time—but I did not always take his poses seriously. They were harmless enough and should not be counted against him. When I was quite a youngster I wrote book reviews and literary notes for the *New York Herald*, and for the column of notes Whitman kept me well posted as to his doings. He always sent me the notes written so that they could be printed as they were, and I may say that they were not uncomplimentary to the poet. Later, in the early eighties, after *THE CRITIC* was started, Whitman was one of its most honored contributors. He wrote poetry and prose for its columns. His famous papers "How I Get Around at Sixty and Take Notes," appeared in *THE CRITIC*, and I think I am safe in saying that *THE CRITIC* was the first periodical of its class to open its columns to Whitman, a circumstance of which he was always appreciative.

As Mr. Traubel's book is not consecutive as to story, and it only covers comparatively few months—March 28

to July 14, 1888, I pick out paragraphs from this book at random.

Here is a passage showing how a tramp's gift got into his veins:

"I feel so good again to-day," W. assures me, "that I no longer envy the tramp. I think that dusty cuss did me lots of good: he left me temporarily in a quarrelsome mood; I hated the room here, and my lame leg, and my dizzy head; I got hungry for the sun again, for the hills, and though Mary brought me up a good supper, she did n't bring the sort of food required to satisfy a fellow with my appetite. She did n't bring the sun and the stars and offer them to me on a plate: she brought muffins, a little jelly, a cup of tea, and I could have cried from disappointment. But later, next day, yesterday, the tramp's gift got into my veins—it was a slow process, but got there: and that has made me happy. I thought he had taken everything he had brought away with him again, but I was mistaken. He shook some of his dust off on me: that dust has taken effect."

Writing of Matthew Arnold, Whitman says:

"Arnold has been writing new things about the United States. Arnold could know nothing about the States—essentially nothing: the real things here—the real dangers as well as the real promises—a man of his sort would always miss. Arnold knows nothing of elements—nothing of things as they start. I know he is a significant figure—I do not propose to wipe him out. He came in at the rear of a procession two thousand years old—the great army of critics, parlor apostles, worshippers of hangings, laces, and so forth and so forth—they never have anything properly at first hand. Naturally I have little inclination their way. But take Emerson, now—Emerson: some ways rather of thin blood, yet a man who with all his culture and refinement, superficial and intrinsic, was elemental and a born democrat."

Mr. Traubel put in: "I think Emerson was born to be but never quite succeeded in being a democrat." Whitman was still for an instant. Then:

"I guess the amendment is a just one—I guess so, I guess so. But I hate to allow anything that qualifies Emerson."

There is a page in this book showing how Whitman was "turned down" by certain editors who, I imagine, a few years later, would have been only too glad to have accepted what he wrote:—

"W. sometimes has what he calls 'house-cleaning days.' He puts aside some waste for me on these occasions. I always take along what he gives me. I know what will be its ultimate value as biographical material. He rarely or never takes that into account. For instance, to-day he said: 'I would burn such stuff up—or tear it up—anything to get it out of the road.' He laughed in handing me three letters done up in a string. 'They are all declinations of poems,' he remarked, 'from different men at different times.' Then after a pause: 'These editorial dictators have a right to dictate: they know what their magazines are made for. I notice that we all get cranky about them when they say "No, thank you," but, after all, somebody has got to decide. I am sure I never have felt sore about any negative experience I have had, and I have had plenty of it, yes, more than the other—mostly that, in fact. But take these letters—it is interesting to read the reasons they give for saying no. Brete Harte has become considerably more famous since those days. I used to think he was one of our men, or about to be—destined for the biggest real work: but somehow when he went to London the best American in him was left behind and lost.'"

Tennyson was not so unappreciative of Whitman's verse, but then he was not an editor. Here is a letter that he wrote to Whitman in 1887, which is also given in facsimile:

Dear old man, I, the elder old man have received your article in THE CRITIC, and send you in return my thanks and New Year's greeting on the wings of this east-wind, which, I trust, is blowing softer and warmer on your good gray head than here, where it is rocking the elms and illexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

Yours always,  
TENNYSON.

Speaking of this letter Whitman said to Mr. Traubel:

By the way, I have found the Tennyson letter I promised you. Take it along—take good care of it: the curio-hunters would call it quite a gem.

Mr. Traubel asked Whitman whether he had met Cable.

Yes—once; and he is the thinnest, most uninteresting man I ever struck—the typical Sunday-school superintendent, with all that that signifies. I am told that he has a class, a Sunday-school class, in Boston—that he conducts it from Sunday to Sunday. I don't see how such a man could interest anybody for ten minutes, much less an afternoon.

Howells, Aldrich, good fellows: I have met them and like them (Howells especially is genial and ample—rather inclined to be big—full size) but they are *thin*—no weight; such men are in certain ways important—they run a few temporary errands, but they are not out for immortal service: perhaps even Hawthorne, though not surely Hawthorne, in whom there is a morbid streak to which I can never accommodate myself. I call this thing in our modern literature delirium tremens.

#### Of Browning:

I have read Browning, but I do not feel that I know him. I realize him—that is, I see him for a great figure—I see him for a proud achievement—oh, yes, I do—but I do not feel that I know his books. I have read "The Ring and the Book," "Paracelsus," some scattering poems (many of them, in fact)—that is all. My impression has been not that he was not for anybody but that he was not for me, though Professor Corson, who has been here to pay me a visit, says that I am mistaken, that Browning is my man, only that I have not so far got at him the right way. I do not assent to that—Corson does not know my appetite and my capacity as well as I know it myself. One thing I always feel like saying about Browning—that I am always conscious of his roominess: he is no way a small man: all his connections are big, strong.

The fact that Mr. Traubel had not trusted to his memory, but took down Whitman's words, hot from his lips, gives this book its great value and interest. It is a pity, however, that he took down so many "hot" words. Whitman was a kindly soul and it would hurt him to know that some of his careless comments upon his friends and contemporaries were printed.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

# The Book-Buyer's Guide

## ART

### McKay—The Scottish School of Painting.

By William D. McKay, R.S.A. London: Duckworth and Company. Imported by Scribner. \$2.00.

Like many Scotsmen before him Mr. McKay resents—good-humoredly enough—the lumping together of Scotch and English art in the “British school.” Although he must admit that the Scottish school is of somewhat recent growth, he feels that it is not alone in the names of Raeburn and Wilkie that Scottish art lives, and that for the last century at least Scotland may claim as definite a place for her art among the national schools as any other country. Although loyalty would naturally induce Mr. McKay, obviously the least of Scots, not to underestimate the work of his fellow-countrymen, his critical judgment is too keen to permit him to blink the weaknesses of Scottish painters. Of the precursors of Raeburn he writes briefly, admitting the faults of the Jamesons, Aikman, Allan Ramsay, David Allan, Hamilton, and other eighteenth century painters, but calling attention to what was best in the work of each. The chapters on Raeburn and Wilkie—especially the treatment of the former—will be found just and lucid critiques, embodying opinions formed after many years of study of their works. In certain respects Mr. McKay differs from other judges of Raeburn’s manner. He likes even the fine works of the middle period less than those painted at a time when with many men the prime of life would have been passed. For some of the frequently engraved pictures of the early period he cares little, finding them harsh in comparison with the products of the painter’s ripened genius. Of the later painters, Duncan, Harvey, Lauder Scott, Dyce, Roberts, and the men of the first half of the nineteenth century, Mr. McKay writes with the same critical acumen. The estimate of Dyce, a painter whose curious vacillation of method has often puzzled the critics, is particularly noteworthy. The men of the last half of the nineteenth century are, in accordance with the author’s original plan, dismissed with short characterization. In a sense this is a pioneer work. It is one which no student of art should fail to own and to read with great care.

## BIOGRAPHY

### Birukoff—Leo Tolstoy. By Paul Birukoff. Vol. I. Scribner. \$1.50.

An ardent admirer of Tolstoy and in sympathy with his beliefs, M. Birukoff approaches his subject with something very like awe. Much of this volume is autobiographical. The words of Tolstoy have been retained whenever possible. M. Birukoff has experienced much difficulty in accomplishing his labor of love on account of his political exile. The final permission to visit Russia enabled him to obtain much in the way of material after the first

volume was completed. It did not seem advisable to change the entire scheme of the book, and the form was therefore retained although much additional matter was inserted. It should be understood that the author speaks of his work in the most modest terms and regards it “as a collection of those materials for a biography of Leo Tolstoy which are accessible to me.” More, he truly says, cannot well be accomplished in the lifetime of the great Russian. The volume which deals with the childhood and youth of Tolstoy ends with his marriage to the lady who has been to him ever a loyal and devoted wife. There is much of this youthful life which is full of interest and charm for the reader. The family life, the pleasant intercourse with “Aunt Tatiana,” and the first essays in literature, as well as young Tolstoy’s efforts to benefit the peasants, are all pictured in the records. There can be no doubt that this work will be a mine of information to the more critical biographer as well as in itself of much value. There are to be two more volumes.

### Climenson—Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings: Her Correspondence from 1720 to 1761. Edited by her Great-great-Niece, Emily J. Climenson. 2 vols. Dutton.

This notable lady was one of the most voluminous of correspondents, her letters being numbered not by thousands but by tens of thousands. If printed in full they would make a series of encyclopedic extent. The present portly volumes include only selections from her early letters, which the editor thought would be “the most interesting portions, such as relate to customs, fashions in dress, price of food, habits,” etc.; and she says she has “often groaned in spirit at having to leave out much that was noble in sentiment, or long comments upon contemporary books and events.” On the whole her self-restraint in this respect was judicious, and some readers may think that many petty domestic details that she has retained might well have been deleted. There is, however, a vast amount of curious and entertaining matter in the volumes pertaining to the people, the life, the ways, and the fashions of the time, not to be found in the formal histories and biographies, and yet helping to bring it more fully and more vividly before us. Many famous people figure prominently in the gossip record—lords and ladies; literary folk, like Pope, Young (of the “Night Thoughts”), Sterne, Hume, Burke, and Johnson; playwrights and players, like Garrick, Peg Woffington, and their set; all the chief statesmen and political notabilities of the day—in short, almost everybody of any special reputation, good, bad, or indifferent, in every phase of public or private life. An index of twenty-four double-columned pages makes the details of the varied and minute information readily accessible. The illustrations are mostly portraits of the Montagu family and of men and

women like Garrick, Burke, Johnson, Sterne, Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Delaney, Chesterfield, Stillingfleet, and others. Further instalments of the correspondence are promised.

**Downey—Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters.** By Edmund Downey. Imported by Scribner. 2 vols. \$5.00 net.

Though Lever died in 1872 some of us are old enough to remember the early popularity of his rollicking tales of Irish military life and adventure, and they are by no means out of vogue in our day and generation. "Harry Lorrequer," which at once assured his success as a novelist, appeared in 1840, and was followed by "Charles O'Malley," and some twenty other stories in similar vein during the next fifteen or sixteen years. Most, if not all, of them were reprinted in this country, and a uniform edition was brought out in London in 1857 and another edition (33 vols.) in 1876-78 (afterwards reprinted); also one (32 vols.) in Boston in 1902. After his appointment as consul to Spezia in 1857 Lever spent the rest of his life there and in a similar capacity at Trieste, where he died in 1872, having written little during that period of official service. A "Life," but a poor one, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, was published in 1872, and nothing better has appeared until this one, which was planned ten years ago and in which the author has been encouraged and assisted by members of Lever's family. He wisely decided to base the work almost entirely upon the letters and other autobiographical material at his disposal, and the result is very satisfactory, though it might perhaps have been more so if the matter had been condensed into half the space. There is a good deal of wit and vivacity in the letters, but many details of a purely domestic or official nature could well be spared. The records of travel in Belgium, Germany, the Tyrol, Italy, and elsewhere are vivacious and entertaining, particularly for the idea they give of tourist experiences half a century and more ago.

**Gilman—Edward MacDowell.** By Lawrence Gilman. Lane. \$1.00 net.

With Nevin dead and MacDowell incapacitated from ever writing another note, the ranks of the younger American musicians have been pretty seriously depleted. MacDowell, in particular, has been generally recognized as a composer of commanding genius; none of his fellows, at least, has won such wide recognition. Mr. Gilman has given a sympathetic and reasonably comprehensive account of his life and work. It is, of course, difficult, if not impossible, to judge any man by his contemporary fame; but there is no reason to doubt the essential soundness of the conclusion that MacDowell's work in large part will survive, and that his name will not be soon forgotten.

## HISTORY AND TRAVEL

**Havell—Benares, the Sacred City.** By E. B. Havell. London. Blackie & Son.

This elaborate and admirably illustrated account of one of the most remarkable cities

of the East, and one perhaps the least known to Europeans and Americans, deserves special note and commendation. Benares is of peculiar interest to Oriental students, and almost equally so to all students, not only for itself but also for its important relations to Hindu life and religion, especially on the imaginative and artistic side. These relations can be studied in few places so well as in this "sacred city" and its neighborhood—the birth-place of Buddhism and of one of the principal sects of Hinduism. The history and the institutions of the city are traced from the earliest period—the ancient Vedic times—down to that of British rule. Its temples and sacred walls, its ancient remains, its examples of old Indian sculpture and painting—indeed, everything concerning it and connected with it—are illustrated pictorially with special reference to the elucidation of the text; as all such books of course ought to be but too unfrequently are. If well selected and well done, illustrations are always more or less interesting and suggestive in themselves, independently of the text, but when they directly illustrate and elucidate the text their value is greatly augmented. Altogether this scholarly and attractive volume is equally admirable in text, illustrations, and typography.

**Jenks—In the Days of Scott.** By Tudor Jenks. Barnes. \$1.00 net.

This is another of Mr. Jenks's admirable sketches of the life of an older time. His aim is to interest young readers and it is safe to say that he is succeeding. Scott's name, at least, should always be one to conjure with.

**Morris—The Discoverers and Explorers of America.** By Charles Morris. Lippincott. \$1.25 net.

A concise popular account of discovery and exploration in North and South America from the Scandinavian voyagers of the tenth century down to our own day. This is covering a good deal of ground and a long period of time in a book of 350 pages in large type, but it is well suited to the needs of young readers—particularly as collateral reading in school—and some of their elders will also enjoy the compact but graphic narrative.

**Weeden—War Government: Federal and State.** By William B. Weeden. Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50 net.

To consider the Civil War from a new point of view might be thought impossible; the literature of the subject is already too voluminous. Yet Mr. Weeden, in discussing what he calls "the interplay of the National Union and the State commonwealths," has made a distinctive contribution to this literature. He takes Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana—States which had "war governors" of eminence and played leading parts in the suppression of rebellion—to illustrate his thesis. He holds that the national government only slowly realized its full responsibilities and powers, that the ordinary checks and balances failed in time of stress, and that a readjustment of the relations between Nation



and State thus became inevitable. A book of such scope as this can hardly be characterized adequately in a few sentences. Mr. Weedon's method is discursive rather than chronological; he deals with the various aspects of the war in turn, citing from many sources the evidence in support of his theories. With his conclusions many will disagree. He is an outspoken critic, and he does not hesitate to point out what he believes to be the mistakes and failings of Lincoln, or to condemn in no measured terms the attitude of Seymour; while towards McClellan he is less than just. In some places a rearrangement of the material might have made the book easier reading; but the vigorous style and independent judgment of the author are calculated to enlist one's interest to the end.

### FICTION

**Anonymous—A Woman's Confessions.** James H. West Co. \$1.00 net

An essentially New England temperament is revealed in this "confession." One is irresistibly reminded of "Stepping Heavenward" and belated transcendentalism considerably diluted in reading it. The supposed author is a plain woman of the middle class, brought up on a farm with few opportunities. She has many sorrows and by them she learns what seems to her the meaning of life. The tone of the book is strongly religious; it is at least free from the morbid taint usually to be found in revelations of a similar character, and doubtless it will make a strong appeal to persons of a type of mind similar to that of the "woman" supposed to make the "confession."

**Anonymous—The Young O'Briens.** By the author of "Elizabeth's Children." Lane.

Both young and old will enjoy this entertaining account of the doings of four young Irish folk of good family who, owing to a series of family misfortunes, are compelled to spend a year in London with a severe spinster aunt. The transplanting is a hard trial for all of them, and not less trying at times to the aunt. The humor of some of the episodes is delightful, and the reader of the author's former books will rejoice that she has confined herself to the field in which she is most successful. Her understanding of young people enables her to draw them exceedingly well.

**Brown—The Glory Seekers.** By William Horace Brown. McClurg. \$1.50.

The men with whom Mr. Brown deals here are the pioneers of the Southwest—men who sought glory not always too scrupulously and whose achievements were a mingled thread of good and ill. Comparatively little is known of some of them except by the professed historian; and it was a task worth doing to chronicle their adventures in a popular volume. Chief among them was Aaron Burr, of whom it is still difficult to write impartially. Probably it is fair to say that in his case, as in so many others, the truth lies between the two extremes of blame and praise. Certainly he was no worse than other men who achieved a happier fate. Other figures of hardly less interest may be met in these pages—Wilkin-

son, the instigator of plots with Spanish governors, Claiborne of Louisiana, Zebulon Pike, and the Spanish-American Xavier Mina. Mr. Brown narrates the facts fairly enough, but still with that due regard for the picturesque which the subject seems to demand.

**De La Pasture—The Man from America.** By Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. Dutton. \$1.50.

The genuine story-teller's gift is not a common endowment even among professional story-tellers. Mrs. De La Pasture has it, and, accordingly, there is a magic upon what she writes. "The Man from America" is not a remarkable book, but it will hold the reader's attention. The various heroines are more clearly characterized than most pretty girls who serve as heroines in English novels, and the grandfather, the Vicomte de Nauray, who "is a Frenchman only in Devonshire, but an Irishman in Paris," is a delightful personage and decidedly worth knowing.

**Fountain—Eleven Eaglets of the West.** By Paul Fountain. Dutton. \$3.00.

The Great West thirty years ago is once more treated by Mr. Fountain in this book. He explains in the preface that although he had abandoned the idea of writing again of his travels in this country he was induced to do so by the letters received by him from readers of his former accounts of them. The pictures which he presents of the Western States which have already changed so greatly are assuredly worthy of preservation; and on this account, if for no other reason, his book is an interesting one to the American public. Mr. Fountain relates the story of his long-past wanderings vividly and seems to have forgotten little in the time which has elapsed since he undertook them. Many of the incidents are told with a vigor which causes the reader to ignore the fact that they happened so many years ago.

**Kinkead—The Invisible Bond.** By Eleanor T. Kinkead. Moffat, Yard. \$1.50.

Presumably the invisible bond is the bond of wedlock. At all events a husband whose wife has gone away with another man responds to her call when she believes she is dying, and remains with her to the last, despite his love grown cold. The situation is older than "Frou Frou" or "East Lynne"—Heywood dealt with it in "A Woman Kill'd with Kindness"—but that is no particular objection if only the new version is interesting. This condition Miss Kinkead has hardly fulfilled. One cannot quite see why a tolerably shrewd and level-headed young man should be fascinated by such obvious arts in the first place; nor is it made clear why the siren should have tired of him so soon. The best feature of the book is the picture of Kentucky life, which is attractive and not overdrawn.

**Lane—All for the Love of a Lady.** By Elinor Macartney Lane. Appleton. \$1.25.

Two mischievous elfs of small boys play a most important part in this tale of Scotland



in the seventeenth century. Mrs. Lane related the story of their pranks with much spirit. The sketch is one of the best things the author has written.

**Lewis—The Throwback.** By Alfred Henry Lewis. Outing Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Lewis illustrates here "the power of love," though in less sentimental fashion than the author of "Ingomar." His savage is a reversion to ancestral type after intervening generations—a "throwback," in other words. Alan Gordon lives in Texas, but the ancestor was a Scot who was a terrible man in his time; for example, he used to seize his enemies with his teeth like a dog. Naturally Alan is one of "the men who do things." It was fortunate for the community that the woman who could tame him happened along. Mr. Lewis's tale is an odd compound of silliness and brutality.

**Long—The Way of the Gods.** By John Luther Long. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Japanese life is invested with the same glamour of romance in this fantastic tale as in "Madame Butterfly." It is a pity that the author chose to preface its rather poetic and imaginative delicacy with a bitter attack upon the critics because they have objected to his abuse of the dash. The dash still runs riot in Mr. Long's pages, but it now has the air of having been sprinkled from a pepper-pot only and not from a salt-pot as formerly.

**Lorimer—The False Gods.** By George Horace Lorimer. Appleton. \$1.25.

The methods of yellow journalism are amusingly satirized in this sketch of a reporter who tries to get a "good story" from a theosophically inclined lady and ends by making a ludicrous mistake. Simpkins is well characterized and the story is rather clever in its way. The volume is well illustrated; if it were not it would hardly be of sufficient size to be dignified by the name of "book."

**Francis—Simple Annals.** By M. E. Francis. Longman. \$1.50.

No one who is familiar with the delicate yet vigorous work of Miss Francis needs to be told that she knows her Dorset thoroughly. She looks at her people from a different point of view than Mr. Hardy's, for example, but her vision is equally acute. In these short sketches she deals entirely with the tragedies and comedies of humble village life. The characters are necessarily done in outline, but they stand firmly upon their feet and the author shows an intimate comprehension of their mental and spiritual processes. She does not confine herself wholly to the peasant class, to be sure, but she avoids Mr. Yellowplush's "hupper suckles." It is as charming a book of the kind as we have come across in many a long day.

**Harris—The Voyage of the Arrow.** By T. Jenkins Harris. Page. \$1.50.

That the author of this tale knows the ocean and the men who sail upon it is undeniable, and he writes with a zest reminding one of Mr. Clark Russell, though he has not that

novelist's literary skill. But for most readers the revolting episode which makes Alice Waters resist the importunities of Mr. Gore to marry him will be, in Artemas Ward's familiar phrase, "a mutch." There is altogether too much "blood and thunder" in the capture of the *Arrow* by the convicts, entirely apart from the fatal objection noted; while the general conduct of the plot is distinctly amateurish. Mr. Harris can do, and has done, better work than this.

**Hopkins—The Mayor of Warwick.** By Herbert M. Hopkins. Houghton. \$1.50.

Here is a novel of a type none too common in these days. It is well written, thoughtful, suggestive. The moral problem which is its basis—and art must concern itself with morals, despite the dictum of practitioners of the decadent school—is carefully slated and subtly worked out. Warwick is plainly Hartford, the college is Trinity, and the Mayor himself is drawn from life in some measure; for the election of a man of the people to the mayoralty, the attempt of dignified citizens to snub him, the intervention of the President, all narrated in Mr. Hopkins's pages, actually took place in the Connecticut capital. It does not appear, however, that he has transcribed living persons in any offensive way; his novel is a serious piece of work and needs no adventitious advertising. The chief defect will be found, we think, in the character of the bishop's daughter, whose secret marriage to the Mayor is the centre of the plot. She is not made quite credible, nor is her charm impressed upon the reader. One rather feels sorry for Leigh, the young professor, when at the end he wins her enigmatic love, and wonders how long she will be free from ennui in her new life.

**McCarthy—The Flower of France.** By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper. \$1.50.

Mr. McCarthy has added neither to his own reputation nor to that of Jeanne Darc, whom he miscalls Joan of Arc, following the old blunder, in this romance. Just why he should feel called upon to traverse the beaten paths of the unfortunate Maid's struggles for France is not apparent to the casual observer. Jeanne suffered not alone in her lifetime. The story is a fairly good one of its kind, but it has no reason for existence.

**Mitchell—A Diplomatic Adventure.** By S. Weir Mitchell. Century. \$1.00.

Dr. Mitchell has never shown greater skill, perhaps, than in bringing within the compass of a short tale so many episodes and giving them all a reasonable air of probability. The time is the Civil War and the occasion is the threatened recognition of the Confederacy by France. American and French diplomatic wits are tested in the encounter, and mystery is deftly mingled with humor. It is as agreeable a book for an idle hour as one could wish.

**Paine—The Lucky Piece.** By Albert Bigelow Paine. Outing Co. \$1.50.

This is a pleasant story, with some well-drawn characters and just enough plot to carry

the reader comfortably along to the last chapter. The Adirondacks make a good background, and the descriptions of natural scenery are attractive. It is, however, a rather naive device by which the heroine's affections appear to be compromised.

**Palmer—Lucy of the Stars.** By Frederick Palmer. Scribner. \$1.50.

Mr. Palmer has drawn rather a charming heroine in Lucy von Kar, though we find it hard to understand her infatuation for the very ordinary Carniston, who proves himself in the course of the story to be a superior brand of the genus cad. There are too many characters in the book, but it is written with a lightness of touch and delicacy which show that Mr. Palmer understands the ways of love as well as those of war. Neither the humor nor the pathos is too obvious.

**Preston—On Common Ground.** By Sidney H. Preston. Holt. \$1.50.

This tale of rural pleasures is in much the same vein as the author's previous novel, "The Abandoned Farmer." It is a pleasant enough little story told with languid indifference to the obviousness of the plot. One cannot conceive a better preparation for the afternoon nap in a hammock than this soporific volume.

**Rhodes—The Lady and the Ladder.** By Harrison G. Rhodes. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.

Somewhat cynical but essentially good-humored is the tone of this narrative in which two American women, one pretty and attractive, the other merely rich, mount to the top of the social ladder. Some of the incidents partake of the nature of caricature and the author takes scarcely excusable liberties with well-known people.

**Robertson—The Pink Typhoon.** By Harrison Robertson. Scribner. \$1.00.

Within a startlingly lurid cover is an entirely harmless short story padded to the required length by large print and wide margins. The "Pink Typhoon" is an automobile which does duty by furnishing some excitement in an otherwise mildly sentimental tale in which the reader's belief in the common sense of the principal characters is strained to the vanishing point.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**Burgess—A Little Sister of Destiny.** By Gelett Burgess. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.50.

Fairy-tales for grown people are these highly improbable accounts of the philanthropic adventures of a young lady of great wealth who decides to help her fellow-beings to be happy in personal fashion rather than by indefinite gifts en masse. So she lives with different classes of people and plays the good fairy in several love-affairs. The stories of her experiences are entertaining in spite of their unlikelihood.

**Cary and Jones—Books and My Food.** By Elisabeth L. Cary and Annie M. Jones. Moffat, Yard.

A unique combination of literary quotations and recipes in cookery for every day in the year. The quotations are choice and dainty bits, but the proof of the recipes, which are "original," will be in the eating. We hope that the culinary taste of the authors is in keeping with the literary.

**Hanks—Camp Kits and Camp Life.** By Charles Stedman Hanks. Scribner. \$1.50 net.

This is the season of the year when such advice as Mr. Hanks has to give is particularly apropos; and if it be added that Mr. Hanks is the "Niblick" who has discoursed suggestively on golf aforetime, readers will understand that his advice is well worth attention. There is great pleasure in camping; but the pleasure may easily be spoiled by inexperience or by inability to adjust oneself quickly to novel conditions. Mr. Hanks begins with talk of guns and other necessities, and he gives explicit directions on such matters of moment as trout and deer. His reminiscences of his own adventures in the woods are full of interest. But there is no chapter in his book more valuable than that in which he discusses "the wangan"—in other words everything one takes along except the guns and canoes. He preaches a doctrine of stern simplicity. "If you play the game fairly you will depend but little upon the ready-made of civilization, and will have enough courage to trust to the wit made of the forests." The whole philosophy of camping out is embodied in this sentence. There are many attractive illustrations from photographs in the volume.

(For list of books received see second page following.)

